

P S A L M S

AND,

H Y M N S.

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Pri

~~A B. H. OT.~~
P S A L M S

AND

H Y M N S,

COLLECTED BY

William Bromley Cadogan, M. A. *K*

RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S, CHELSEA, ST. GILES'S,
READING; AND CHAPLAIN TO THE
RIGHT HON. LORD CADOGAN.

O sing unto the LORD a new song;
Sing unto the LORD all the earth.
Sing unto the LORD, blest his Name;
Shew forth his salvation from day to day.

PSALM xcvi. 1, 2.

THIRD EDITION.

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P R E F A C E.

THERE can be no doubt but that Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs constitute a part of divine worship; and where there is a real love between minister and people, founded upon *the mutual faith* of both, those Hymns perhaps are most likely to serve the purposes of edification, which are selected by the one for the use of the other: because in such connections, “ *as in water face is to face, so is the heart of man to man,*” Prov. xxvii. 19. The preacher suits the hearer—their experience, their views, their habits are similar, and often the same. Under these impressions I have followed the examples of some most eminent servants of God, in selecting these divine songs for the use of a people whom the great Head of the Church is pleased to entrust to my care. I have studiously avoided every thing which appeared to me wild, fanciful, or trifling, either in sentiment or expression, and aimed simply at the support

port and increase of sober, serious, scriptural godliness, such as glows in the heart, shines in the life, and animates the whole inner and outer man; such as the Apostle seems to recommend, when he says, “ *Let the word of CHRIST dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the LORD.*” Col. iii. 16. Encouraged by these words of the HOLY GHOST, and many others to the same import, I put these Psalms and Hymns into the hands of a people whom I love in the LORD, for whom *I am ready to spend and be spent, with whom it is in my heart to live and die, and to be eternally connected, when time and death shall be no more.* May the LORD, whose praises they contain, give them his sanction, and make them effectual to promote the glory of his great Name, and the good of his redeemed people.

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PLALMS of DAVID,
In METRE.

P S A L M I.

HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk !
Nor stands in sinners' way, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.
But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight,
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd,
Like chaff before the wind.
M Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face :
Nor formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

B

For

For GOD approves the just man's ways;
 To happiness they tend:
 But sinners, and the paths they tread,
 Shall both in ruin end.

P S A L M II.

WHY did the nations join to slay
 The LORD's anointed SON?
 Why did they cast his laws away,
 And tread his gospel down?
 The LORD, that sits above the skies,
 Derides their rage below;
 He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
 And strikes their spirits through.
 "I call Him my Eternal SON,
 "And raise Him from the dead;
 "I make my holy hill his throne,
 "And wide his kingdom spread.
 "Ask me, my SON, and then enjoy
 "The utmost heathen lands:
 "Thy rod of iron shall destroy
 "The rebel that withstands."
 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
 Obey th' anointed LORD;
 Adore the King of heav'nly birth,
 And tremble at his word.
 With humble love address his throne;
 For if He frown, ye die:
 They are secure, and they alone,
 Who on his grace rely.

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P S A L M III.

MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!

Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

The lying tempter would persuade,
There's no relief in heav'n;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

But Thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread;
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

What though the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my GOD.

Salvation to the LORD belongs;
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

P S A L M IV.

O GOD of Grace and Righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress;
Bow down a gracious ear again.

Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
 To turn my glory into shame;
 How long will scoffers love to lye,
 And dare reproach my SAVIOUR's name?

Let the unthinking many say,
 "Who will bestow some earthly good?"
 But, LORD, thy light and love we pray;
 Our souls desire this heav'nly food.

Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
 At grace and favors so divine!
 Nor will I change my happy choice,
 For all their corn and all their wine.

P S A L M V.

LORD, hear my words, my thoughts attend,
 And let my suppliant cry
 To Thee, my KING, my GOD, ascend,
 For unto Thee I pray.

To Thee, ere morn has streak'd the sky,
 My soul shall pour her pray'r;
 On Thee shall fix her wakeful eye,
 And fasten all her care.

I'll seek salvation in thy sight,
 From sin, and death, and hell;
 For darkness cannot stand with light,
 Nor evil with Thee dwell.

O lead me in thy righteousness,
 And lest my foes gain say,
 Before my heaven-directed face
 Make plain thy holy way.

P S A L M S.

5

Let all, who trust in Thee, rejoice,
And ever shout for joy;
Thy name be their defence, their choice,
And all their praise employ.

P S A L M VI.

IN anger, LORD, rebuke me not;
Withdraw the dreadful storm:
Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.

Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries;
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

Shall I be still tormented more?
My eyes consum'd with grief?
How long, my GOD, how long before
Thine hand affords relief?

He hears when dust and ashes speak;
He pities all our groans;
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

P S A L M VII.

MY trust is in my heav'nly Friend;
My hope in Thee, my GOD;
Rise, and my helpless soul defend
From those that seek my blood.

Lest with insulting fury they
 My soul in pieces tear,
 As hungry lions rend the prey,
 When no deliverer's near.

Let me not do the deed unjust,
 Nor injure friend or foe;
 Let them not tread my life to dust,
 Nor lay mine honor low.

Arise, my GOD, lift up thine hand,
 Their pride and pow'r controul;
 Awake to judgment and command
 Deliv'rance to my soul.

That so, whilst circling crowds await
 Around thy righteous throne,
 The just may hear their blessed fate,
 The wicked meet their own.

P S A L M VIII.

O LORD our GOD, how wond'rous great
 Is thine exalted name!

The glories of thy heav'nly state
 Let men and babes proclaim.

When I behold thy works on high,
 The moon that rules the night,
 And stars that well adorn the sky,
 Those moving worlds of light!

LORD, what is man, or all his race,
 Who dwells so far below,
 That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
 And love his nature so!

That

P S A L M S.

7

That thine Eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form!

Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

Him Thou hast crown'd with majesty,
Who bow'd his guiltless head:

To Him Thou'st giv'n a name most high;
Most wide his kingdom spread.

JESUS, our LORD, how wond'rous great
Is thy exalted name!

The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

P S A L M IX.

WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;

Thou, sov'reign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

I'll sing thy majesty and grace;

My GOD prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his wonders known.

Then shall the LORD a refuge prove

For all the poor oppress'd,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

The men, that know thy name, will trust
In thine abundant grace;

For Thou hast ne'er forsok the just,
Who humbly sought thy face.

That

Sing

P S A L M S.

Sing praises to the righteous LORD,
 Who dwells on Zion's hill;
 Who executes his threat'ning word,
 And doth his grace fulfil.

P S A L M X.

WHY do the men of malice say,
 Elate with foolish pride,
 "The LORD will never us repay,
 "Nor fight on Zion's side?"
 Assert thy just dominion, LORD;
 Stretch forth thy mighty hand,
 As when the heathen felt thy sword,
 And perish'd from thy land.
 Thou hast the humble suppliants heard,
 Who to thy throne repair;
 They come with hearts by Thee prepar'd,
 And Thou accept'st their pray'r.
 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
 No more despise the just;
 And mighty sinners shall confess,
 They are but earth and dust.

P S A L M XI.

ON GOD my stedfast hopes rely;
 How then would ye persuade
 My soul, as tim'rous bird, to fly,
 And seek the mountain's shade?

See, prompt to ill, th' insidious foe
Prepare the poison'd dart ;
Now couch'd in secret, bend the bow,
To slay th' upright in heart.

" If the foundations fail," they cry,
" What will the righteous do ?"

The LORD is in his temple high,
The holy LORD, and true.

The human race his eyes behold,
The just He tries in love ;
Whilst sinners, violent and bold,
His perfect hatred prove.

Snares, fire, and brimstone, tempest dire,
On sinners He shall rain ;
The baleful cup, replete with ire,
They to the dregs shall drain.

For, just himself, to righteousness
The LORD his love inclines ;
Delighted in his works to trace
His image, where it shines.

P S A L M XII.

HELP, LORD, for none are godly found,
And faithful men do fail ;
Vain words and flattering lips abound,
And double hearts prevail.

The LORD shall cut off from on high
Tongues of deceit and pride :
" Are not our lips our own," they cry,
" And who is LORD beside ?"

" Now,

“ Now,” saith the LORD, “ now will I rise,
 “ And make oppressors flee ;
 “ I’ve heard the poor and needy’s sighs,
 “ And I will set them free.”

Thy words, like silver seven times try’d,
 Thy words, O LORD, are pure ;
 And they, who in thy truth confide,
 Shall find thy promise sure.

P S A L M XIII.

HOW long, O LORD, shall I complain,
 Like one that seeks his GOD in vain ?
 Canst Thou thy face for ever hide,
 And I still pray and be deny’d ?

Shall I for ever be forgot,
 As one whom Thou regardest not ?
 Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
 And still despair of thy return ?

How long shall my poor troubled breast
 Be with these anxious thoughts oppress’d ?
 And Satan, my malicious foe,
 Rejoice to see me sunk so low ?

Hear, LORD, and grant me quick relief,
 Before my death concludes my grief ;
 If thou withhold’st thy heav’nly light,
 I sleep in everlasting night.

How will the pow’rs of darkness boast,
 If but one praying soul be lost !
 But I have trusted in thy grace,
 And shall again behold thy face.

Whate’er

Whate'r my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

P S A L M XIV.

FOOLS in their hearts believe and say,
" That all religion's vain;
" There is no God that reigns on high,
" Or minds th' affairs of men."

From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

The LORD from his celestial throne
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

By nature, all are gone astray;
Their practice all the same:
There's none that loves his Maker's hand;
There's none that fears his name.

Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit;
Their slanders never cease:
How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In ev'ry heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM

P S A L M XV.

LORD, in thy temple who shall dwell,
 And rest in thy most holy hill?
 The man, whose life is purely run;
 The man, whose word and thought are one.
 Whose guileless tongue, and hateless heart,
 Ne'er cause an injur'd neighbour's smart;
 Who ne'er to slander's tongue severe
 Will stoop with easy faith his ear,
 Who, LORD, from servile terror free,
 Will spurn at those who spurn at Thee;
 And love, and lowliest rev'rence pay
 To all, who Thee, their GOD, obey.
 Who what he swears, with steadfast will,
 Though great his loss, shall yet fulfil;
 Nor will he walk in usury's way,
 Nor innocence for bribes betray.
 Thus pure in heart, in lip, and hands,
 He, LORD, who doeth thy commands—
 He, CHRIST, the Righteous Man; and all
 Who trust in Him, shall never fall.

P S A L M XVI.

GOD is my portion and my joy;
 His counsels are my light:
 He gives me sweet advice by day,
 And gentle hints by night.

I set the LORD before my face,
He bears my courage up :
My heart and tongue their joy express,
My flesh shall rest in hope.
My spirit, LORD, Thou wilt not leave,
Where souls departed are :
Nor quit my body in the grave,
To see corruption there.
Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
And raise me to thy throne ;
Thy courts immortal pleasures give,
Thy presence joys unknown.

P S A L M XVII.

LORD, I am thine : but Thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
Their hope and portion lie below ;
'Tis all the happiness they know ;
'Tis all they seek : they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.
What sinners value, I resign ;
LORD, 'tis enough that Thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
This life's a dream, an empty shew ;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near, and like my God !
 And flesh and sin no more controul
 The sacred pleasures of my soul.
 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my SAVIOUR's image rise.

P S A L M XVIII.

'TIS God that girds my armour on,
 And all my just designs fulfils ;
 Through Him my feet can swiftly run,
 And nimbly climb the steepest hills.
 Lessons of war from Him I take,
 And manly weapons learn to wield ;
 Strong bows of steel with ease I break,
 Forc'd by my stronger arms to yield.
 The buckler of his saving health,
 Protects me from assaulting foes ;
 His hand sustains me still ; my wealth,
 My greatness from his bounty flows.
 My goings He enlarg'd abroad,
 Till then to narrow paths confin'd ;
 And, when in slipp'ry ways I trod,
 The method of my steps design'd.
 Let the Eternal LORD be prais'd ;
 The rock, on whose defence I rest !
 O'er highest heav'ns his name be rais'd,
 Who me with his salvation blest'd.

P S A L M XIX.

GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

The statutes of the LORD are just,
And bring sincere delight ;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.

His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid :
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd.

Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

My faithful counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give :
Divine rewards attend on those,
Who by his precepts live.

P S A L M XX.

WHEN law and justice lift the rod,
Thee, suff'ring Son, the LORD attend ;
The hallow'd name of Jacob's God
Thee in that dreadful day defend.

Help from his sanctuary afford,
 And strength from Zion to relieve :
 Thine offer'd cries and tears record,
 And thy burnt sacrifice receive.

In thy salvation we rejoice ;
 In thy name bid our banners fly ;
 The LORD, we know, will hear thy voice,
 And save His CHRIST with hand most high.

Some trust in horses train'd for war,
 And some of chariots make their boasts ;
 But all our expectations are
 From Thee, our GOD, the LORD of hosts.

Brought down, and fall'n, see they lie ;
 Whilst we our heads exulting raise.
 Save, LORD, and hear us when we cry,
 That we may our Deliv'rer praise.

P S A L M XXI.

BY thy unwearied strength upheld,
 To Thee the King his thanks shall yield ;
 And, taught by blest experience, know
 What joys from thy salvation flow.

Thy care his heart's desires complete ;
 His pray'r from thy eternal seat,
 As low to Thee his knees he bends,
 In full acceptance back descends.

Thou, LORD, preventive of his want,
 The blessings of thy love wilt grant,
 And bid the crown immortal spread
 Its purest splendors round his head.

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He ask'd Thee life, and finds it giv'n;
 Life, lasting as the days of heav'n.
 The conquests, which thy hands bestow,
 With grace and glory bind his brow.

He, crown'd with bliss perpetual, He
 Thy face in full display shall see;
 And (for on Thee his hopes rely)
 Unmov'd each adverse shock defy.

Sole LORD of all, thro' earth and skies
 O let thy pow'r conspicuous rise,
 And furnish to our grateful lays
 A theme of everlasting praise.

P S A L M XXII.

MY God, my God, O tell me why,
 Unheeded still ascends my cry?

Why thus from my afflicted heart
 Thy presence and thy health depart?

LORD what am I? a man in form,
 Yet brother to the trampled worm;
 An outcast from the human kind;
 To fierce derision's rage consign'd.

They shake their heads, they shout, they gaze;
 Each eye, each lip, contempt betrays:

"On GOD," they cry, "thy hope was staid;
 "Be GOD, if his Thou art, thy aid."

Thine, mightiest FATHER, thine I am;
 By Thee from out the womb I came;
 From Thee my ev'ry comfort sprung,
 While yet upon the breast I hung.

O view me not with distant eye,
While various griefs await me nigh :
Thy aid withheld, what friendly pow'r
Shall shield me in the dang'rous hour ?

See bulls unnumber'd round me stand—
Bulls, nurs'd in Basban's fertile land ;
With wide extended mouth they roar,
Nor rage the rav'ning lions more.

My frame disjoin'd in swift decay
Wastes like the running stream away ;
My heart in groans its grief proclaims,
And melts, as wax before the flames.

Fast to my jaws my tongue is chain'd ;
My flesh its vital moisture drain'd,
Dry as the clay-form'd vase appears,
And e'en to death thy chaf'ning bears.

Thou seest a throng, who Thee despise,
In dreadful siege against me rise,
And, while fast issuing streams the gore,
My hands and feet relentless bore.

My starting bones to ev'ry eye
Expos'd ; O ye that passing by,
In wonder (not in pity) join,
O, say, was ever grief like mine ?

My raiment each with each divides ;
My vesture, as the lot decides,
Becomes some new possessor's spoil,
The prize that crowns his impious toil.

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My God, my strength, recede not far,
 But haste and make my soul thy care;
 O turn th' impending swords away,
 Nor yield it to the dog a prey.

So shall I live thy honor'd name
 Amidst my brethren to proclaim;
 And gath'ring crowds shall hear me raise
 To God the songs of endless praise.

P S A L M XXIII.

THE LORD my shepherd is,
 I shall be well supply'd;
 Since He is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside?
 He leads me to the place,
 Where heav'nly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim;
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.
 While He affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear;
 Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.
 In fight of all my foes
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.

The

The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove;
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

P S A L M XXIV.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
 Unfold to entertain
 The KING of glory: see He comes
 With his celestial train.

“ Who is the KING of glory? Who?”
 The LORD for strength renown’d;
 In battle mighty; o’er his foes
 Eternal victor crown’d.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold,
 In state to entertain
 The KING of glory: see He comes
 With all his shining train.

“ Who is the KING of glory? Who?”
 The LORD of hosts renown’d:
 Of glory He alone is King,
 Who is with glory crown’d.

P S A L M XXV.

I Lift my soul to God,
 My trust is in his name:
 Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
 Still triumph in my shame.

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Sin and the pow'rs of hell
 Persuade me to despair;
 LORD, make me know thy cov'nant well,
 That I may 'scape the snare.
 Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.
 The LORD is just and kind;
 The meek shall learn his ways;
 And ev'ry humble sinner find
 The methods of his grace.
 For his own goodness sake
 He saves my soul from shame;
 He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
 Through my REDEEMER's name.

P S A L M XXVI.

JUDGE me, O LORD; thy searching eyes
 Mine upright walk have known;
 On Thee my stedfast soul relies,
 Nor fear of lapse shall own.
 O search me still; my heart, my reins,
 With strictest view survey:
 Thy love, great GOD, my hope sustains,
 Thy truth directs my way.
 The house of guile, and seat of lyes,
 With studious care I shun:
 From crowds that impious deeds devise,
 My steps abhorrent run.

In

In innocence I wash my hands,
 Thy altar compass round,
 And grateful lead the sacred bands,
 Whose hymns thy acts resound.
 How oft, instinct with warmth divine,
 Thy threshold have I trod!
 How lov'd the courts, whose walls inshrine
 The glory of my God!
 O let me not thy vengeance share,
 That waits the guilty tribe,
 Whose murth'rous hands each mischief dare,
 And grasp the offer'd bribe.
 But pour, O pour, while thus I tread
 The path by Thee prepar'd,
 Thy beams of mercy on my head,
 And round me plant a guard.
 Thou, LORD, my steps hast fix'd aright,
 And pleas'd shalt hear my tongue
 With Israel's thankful sons unite,
 To form the festal song.

P S A L M XXVII.

THE LORD of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too;
 God is my strength; nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.
 One privilege my heart desires:
 O grant me an abode
 Among the churches of thy saints,
 The temples of my God.

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There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still :
Shall hear the message of thy love,
And there enquire thy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

P S A L M XXVIII.

TO render thanks unto the LORD,
How great a cause have I ;
My voice, my prayer, and my complaint,
That heard so willingly ?

He is my shield and fortitude,
My buckler in distress ;
My heart rejoiceth greatly, and
My song shall Him confess.

He is our strength and our defence,
Our foes for to resist :
The health and the salvation of
His own elect by CHRIST.

Thy people and thine heritage,
LORD, bless, guide, and preserve :
Increase them, LORD, and rule their hearts,
That they may never swerve.

PSALM

P S A L M XXIX.

GIVE to the LORD, ye sons of fame,
Give to the LORD renown and pow'r;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And Him, the Holy One, adore.

The LORD proclaims his pow'r aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And light'nings blaze at his command.
He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart, and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo! the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar and desarts quake.

The LORD sits Sov'reign on the flood,
The LORD remains for ever King:
Whilst in his Church, his blest abode,
Doth every one his glory sing.

With choicest blessings there the LORD
His praying people shall increase;
There they shall feel and taste his word,
Be arm'd with strength, and blest with peace.

PSALM

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P S A L M XXX.

TO Thee, O LORD, who didst me raise
 Above my threat'ning foes ;
 To Thee, O LORD, I'll offer praise,
 And pay my grateful vows.

As, prels'd with woe, to Thee I cry'd,
 So Thou appear'dst to save ;
 Thine hand its healing pow'r apply'd,
 And rais'd me from the grave.

Sing praise, ye saints, that prove and see
 The goodness of the LORD ;
 With thankful hearts and bended knee,
 His holiness record.

For in his wrath, how short a space !
 A moment, and it's gone :
 But length of days is in his grace,
 And life's eternal crown.

P S A L M XXXI.

ON Thee, O LORD, my trust is staid,
 O let thine all-sufficient aid,
 The justice of my cause proclaim,
 And save me from impending shame.

ce. To me thy gracious ear incline,
 AL Hasten to my help with might divine ;
 Be Thou my strength, my rock, my tow'r,
 To guard me in the evil-hour.

D

My

My rock, my fortress, LORD, in Thee,
 Snatch'd from surrounding ills, I see;
 My guide be also, that thy Name
 May praise and thanks perpetual claim.
 Save me, by thy preventive care.
 O save me from the hidden snare;
 For weak myself, through all my days,
 Thee, all my strength, I seek and praise.
 And when my flesh returns to dust,
 To Thee my spirit I intrust;
 For Thou, my true, redeeming God,
 Wilt own the purchase of thy blood.

P S A L M XXXII.

O Blessed souls are they,
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er,
 Divinely blest, to whom the LORD
 Imputes their guilt no more.
 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;
 Their lips and lives without deceit
 Shall prove their faith sincere.
 While I conceal'd my guilt,
 I felt the fest'ring wound;
 Till I confess'd my sins to Thee,
 And ready pardon found.
 Let sinners learn to pray;
 Let saints keep near the throne.
 Our help in times of deep distress,
 Is found in GOD alone.

P S A L M

P L A L M XXXIII.

BLESSED, how blessed ! they to whom
 The LORD for GOD is known !
 Whom He from all the world besides
 Has chosen for his own !

He all the nations of the earth
 From heav'n his throne survey'd ;
 He saw their works and view'd their thoughts ;
 By him their hearts were made.

No king is fav'd by mighty hosts ;
 Their strength the strong deceives ;
 No manag'd horse, by force or speed,
 His warlike rider saves.

'Tis GOD who those that trust in Him
 Beholds with gracious eyes ;
 He frees their souls from death, their want
 In time of dearth supplies.

Our soul on God with patience waits ;
 Our help and shield is He :
 Then, LORD, let still our hearts rejoice,
 Because we trust in Thee.

P S A L M XXXIV.

COME children learn to fear the LORD ;
 And that your days be long,
 Let not a false or evil word
 Be found upon your tongue.

D 2

Depart

Depart from mischief, practice love,
 Pursue the works of peace;
 So shall the LORD your ways approve,
 And set your souls at ease.

He eyes awake to guard the just
 His ears attend their cry;
 When broken spirits dwell in dust,
 The GOD of grace is nigh.

What tho' the sorrows here they taste
 Are sharp and tedious too,
 The LORD who saves them all at last,
 Is their supporter now.

Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
 But GOD secures his own;
 Prevents the mischief when they slide,
 Or heals the broken bone.

When desolation, like a flood,
 O'er the proud sinner's rolls;
 Saints find a refuge in their GOD,
 For he redeem'd their souls.

P S A L M XXXV.

NOW plead my cause, Almighty GOD,
 With all the sons of strife;
 And fight against the men of blood,
 Who fight against my life.

Draw out thy spear and stop their way,
 Lift thine avenging rod;
 But to my soul in mercy say,
 "I am thy SAVIOUR GOD."

They plant their snares to catch my feet,
 And nets of mischief spread ;
 To range the destroyers in the net,
 That their own hands have made.

And them, like chaff before the wind,
 Be chas'd before thy breath ;
 The angel of the LORD behind
 Dispersing them to death.

Dark and slipp'ry all their way,
 And let them feel thy might ;
 Consum'd by an avenging God,
 To everlasting night.

But if Thou hast a chosen few
 Amongst that impious race,
 Divide them from the bloody crew,
 By thy surprizing grace.

When will I raise my joyful voice,
 To make thy wonders known,
 Their salvation I'll rejoice,
 And bless Thee for my own.

P S A L M XXXVI.

HIGH in the heav'n's, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud,
 That veils and darkens thy designs.

Ever firm thy justice stands,
 Mountains their foundations keep ;
 These are the wonders of thy hands ;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large;
Both men and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge;
But saints are thy peculiar care.

My God how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my LORD;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

P S A L M XXXVII.

WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinners gold.

The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The just is merciful and lends;
Nor turns the poor away.

His alms with lib'ral heart he gives
Among the sons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd from GOD:

the law and gospel of the LORD
Deep in his heart abide;
by thy SPIRIT, and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare;
they shall possess the promis'd land,
and dwell for ever there.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

Spare me, LORD, nor o'er my head;
The fullness of thy vengeance shed;
sc'd by thy shafts, great GOD, I stand,
I feel the pressure of thine hand.

Thou see'st, from health estrang'd, my frame
The terror of thy wrath proclaim,
While conscious guilt alarms my breast,
And robs my tortur'd joints of rest.

Belm'd with a weight of sins, I mourn,
Weight too heavy to be borne;
Wounds, whose smart those sins repays,
The wide-infected air betrays.

bow'd, from morn to eve, with woe,
Wrapt in sackcloth drear, I go;
Reins with hidden torment wrung,
Each limb diseas'd, each nerve unstrung.

Aloud

Aloud my suff'rings I bemoan,
And fainting pour the frequent groan :
But Thou, ere yet my groans proceed,
My griefs and inmost wish canst read.

O let me, rais'd by Thee, no more
The absence of thine aid deplore ;
God of my life, recede not far,
But haste, and make that life thy care.

P S A L M XXXIX.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move,
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love ;
But all their noise is vain.

Some walk in honor's gaudy shew ;
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

What should I wish to wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
Give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

P S A L M. XL.

Waited patient for the LORD,
He bow'd to hear my cry:
Saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
Sais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay;
From my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

On a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
And a new thankful song.

Spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear;
Sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, LORD, how great!
I have not words, nor hours enough,
To tell their numbers to repeat.

PSALM

P S A L M XLI.

BLEST is the man, whose bowels move
 And melt with pity to the poor;
 Whose soul by sympathizing love,
 Feels what his fellow saints endure.
 His heart contrives for their relief,
 More good than his own hands can do;
 He in the time of gen'ral grief,
 Shall find the LORD has bowels too.
 His soul shall live secure on earth,
 With secret blessings on his head,
 When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
 Around him multiply their dead.
 Or if he languish on his bed,
 God will in sickness him console;
 Preserve him from amongst the dead,
 Or, dying, take to heav'n his soul.

P S A L M XLII.

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
 My God, to Thee I look:
 So pants the hunted hart to find,
 And taste the cooling brook.
 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
 And meet my God again?
 So long an absence from thy face
 My heart endures with pain.

Tempta

temptations vex my weary soul,
and tears are my repast;
for insults without control,
And where's your God at last?"
with a mournful pleasure now
think on ancient days:
when to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.
Why's my soul sunk down so far
beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
and sin against my God?
Be in the LORD, whose mighty hand
can all thy woes remove;
I shall yet before him stand,
and sing restoring love.

P S A L M XLIII.

OST Judge of Heav'n, against my foes
Do Thou assert my injur'd right:
Set me free, my God, from those,
who in deceit and wrong delight.
Thou with light and truth be blest;
Thou my guide, and lead the way,
In thy holy hill I rest,
In thy holy temple pray.
Will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy;
Will I tune harps with songs of praise
To all my grateful hours employ.

Why

Why then cast down, my soul, and why
 So much oppress'd with anxious care?
 On God, thy God, for aid rely,
 Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

P S A L M XLIV.

LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
 Thy works of pow'r and grace,
 When to our ears our fathers told
 The wonders of their days.

How Thou didst drive the heathen race
 With thy most mighty hand,
 To plant thy people in their place,
 And grant to them their land.

Nor arm, nor sword, O LORD, but thine
 Such conquests could bestow;
 From strength, and light, and love divine,
 We own them all to flow.

All the day long in God we boast,
 And ever praise thy Name;
 Yet now Thou go'st not with our host,
 But leavest us to shame.

Awake, arise, almighty LORD;
 Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
 Why should we look like men adhor'd,
 Or banish'd from thy face?

Redeem us from perpetual shame,
 Our SAVIOUR and our God;
 We plead the honors of thy Name,
 The merits of thy blood.

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P S A L M XLV.

METRE I.

MY heart doth take in hand
Some godly song to sing;
The praise that I shall shew therein,
Pertaineth to the King.

My tongue shall be as quick
His honor to indite,
As the pen of any scribe
That useth fast to write.

O fairest of all men!

Thy lips with grace are pure;
God hath blessed Thee with gifts
For ever to endure.

About Thee gird thy sword,
O Prince of might elect!
Thy honor, glory, and renown,
Thou art most richly deckt.

Go forth with godly speed,
With meekness, truth, and right;
Thy right hand shall Thee instruct
In works of dreadful might.

Thy arrows, sharp and keen,
Their hearts so sore shall sting,
That they shall crouch and kneel to Thee,
O King, all thy foes, O King.

Thy royal seat, O LORD,
For ever doth remain;
Thy scepter of thy realm
Thy righteousness maintain.

E

Wherefore

Wherefore thy holy name
 All ages shall record;
 The people shall give thanks to Thee
 For evermore, O LORD.

P S A L M XLV.

METRE II.

ILL speak the honors of my King:
 His form divinely fair;
 None of the sons of mortal race
 May with the LORD compare.
 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
 Upon thy lips is shed:
 Thy GOD with blessings infinite
 Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince!
 Ride with majestic sway:
 Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
 And make the world obey.
 Thy throne, O GOD, for ever stands;
 Thy word of Grace shall prove
 A peaceful scepter in thy hands,
 To rule thy saints by love.
 Justice and truth attend Thee still,
 But mercy is thy choice;
 And GOD, thy GOD, thy soul shall fill
 With most peculiar joys.

P S A L M XLVI.

GOD is our refuge in distress,
 A present help when dangers press;
 Him undaunted we'll confide:
 'Earth were from her center toss'd,
 Mountains in the ocean lost,
 Corn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
 Gentler stream with gladness still
 The city of our LORD shall fill,
 The royal seat of GOD most high:
 He dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
 Mock th' assault of earthly pow'rs,
 While his almighty aid is nigh.
 Tumults, when the heathen rag'd,
 Kingdoms war against us wag'd,
 He thunder'd and dispers'd their pow'rs:
 LORD of hosts conducts our arms,
 Tow'r of refuge in alarms;
 Our father's guardian GOD and ours.

P S A L M XLVII.

PRAISE, ye people, clap the hand;
 Exulting strike the chord:
 Ev'ry isle and ev'ry land,
 Confess th' Almighty LORD.
 To our GOD; in loudest strains
 Perpetual praises sing:
 Earth's wide bounds extends his reign:
 Praise our GOD and King.

His sway the sons of human kind
 With humblest homage own;
 And holiness, with pow'r combin'd,
 Supports his lasting throne.
 Kings from afar conven'd behold,
 Whose breasts with zeal have glow'd,
 Among the tribes to stand inroll'd,
 That bow to *Abraham's* God.
 For He, whose hands amid the skies
 Th' eternal scepter wield,
 To earth's whole race his care applies,
 And o'er them spreads the shield.

P S A L M XLVIII.

IN Sion God is known,
 A refuge in distress;
 How bright has his salvation shone
 Thro' all her palaces!
 When kings against her join'd,
 And saw the LORD was there,
 In wild confusion of the mind,
 They fled with hasty fear.
 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold,
 Where his own sheep have been.
 In ev'ry new distress
 We'll to his house repair,
 We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
 And seek deliv'rance there.

P S A L M XLIX.

ALL people, hear ; all sons of earth,
Of highest or obscurest birth ;
Words with just attention weigh,
And listen unto wisdom's lay.

Why should my soul with anxious dread
Hold the foes around me spread,
Who build on wealth their trust, and store
Hoasted heaps their glitt'ring ore ?

Woe, mortals, cease your pride, nor dream
That riches shall from death redeem ;
I taught the soul's just price to know,
Once the frantic thought forego.

You see the wise and foolish die ;
Common grave, like sheep, they lie :
Their pride, their beauty, all a prey
To dire corruption's wasting sway.

Lift, ye righteous, lift your eyes ;
Hold the promis'd morn arise,
That bids you, o'er each haughty foe,
Triumph, endless triumphs know.

Soul, amidst your happy train,
The wish'd redemption shall obtain ;
God adopted, death shall brave,
And mock the disappointed grave.

P S A L M L.

THE LORD, the Judge, before his throne
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
 The nations near the rising sun,
 And near the western sky.

Thron'd on a cloud our GOD shall come,
 Bright flames prepare his way;
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
 Lead on the dreadful day.

Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
 Attending angels come;
 And earth and hell shall know and fear
 His justice and their doom.

“ But gather all my saints (He cries)
 “ That made their peace with GOD,
 “ By the REDEEMER's sacrifice,
 “ And seal'd it with his blood.

“ Their faith and works brought forth to light
 “ Shall make the world confess,
 “ My sentence of reward is right,
 “ And heav'n adore my grace.”

P S A L M LI.

O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
 My load of guilt remove;
 Break down this separating wall,
 That bars me from thy love.

P S A L M S.

47

me the presence of thy grace,
 when my rejoicing tongue
 speak aloud thy righteousness,
 and make thy praise my song.
 blood of goats or heifer slain,
 or sin could e'er atone;
 death of CHRIST shall still remain,
 efficient and alone.
 al oppress'd with sins desert
 y God will ne'er despise;
 humble groan, a broken heart,
 our best sacrifice.

P S A L M LII.

HY, tyrant, boasts thy heart the pow'r
 To work a brother's woe?
 e God his mercy bids each hour
 streams unmeasur'd flow.
 joy thy tongue, to falsehood prone,
 venom deals around;
 razor, sharpen'd on the stone,
 icts so deep a wound.
 uft, with thankful awe possess'd,
 all view thy blasted pride,
 from their fiercest foe releas'd,
 y impious boasts deride.
 ! there the wretch, in trespass bold,
 Who GOD's support disdain'd,
 d on his heaps of treasur'd gold
 his frantic hope sustain'd."

Fresh

Fresh as the verdant olive, I
 Within thy courts shall stand,
 And fix'd, indulgent LORD, rely
 On thy protecting hand.
 Thy acts my praise shall ever claim;
 Thy name, amidst my woes,
 (How grateful to thy saints that name!)
 My ev'ry fear compose.

P S A L M LIII.

“**N**O GOD,” the impious fools exclaim,
 And speak the wishes of their hearts
 Corrupt in mind, they mischief frame,
 And act by turns their wicked parts.
 From heav'n the GOD of truth surveys,
 And makes his just researches known;
 “All are defil'd in all their ways;
 “There's none that doeth good—not one,
 “Are all that live in sin so blind,
 “As not to know my wrath, nor grace?
 “To eat, as bread, with savage mind,
 “My flock, and never seek my face?”
 They fear, where others fearless stand;
 Their bones on earth expos'd, declare
 The doom, which waits an impious band,
 Whom GOD abandons from his care.
 From Zion, Israel's SAVIOUR, rise!
 When GOD his captives back shall bring,
 Then joy shall beam in Jacob's eyes,
 And Israel songs of triumph sing.

P S A L M LIV.

MY name my stedfast heart avows ;
 Do Thou my injur'd cause espouse,
 And be thy strength my aid :
 Complaints, eternal Monarch, hear,
 ! let them by thy pitying ear
 With full regard be weigh'd.
 Deliverations, from thy fear estrang'd,
 From tyrants fierce, against me rang'd,
 My guiltless soul pursue :
 O ! my Helper, heav'n's high LORD,
 Stand, and faithful to his word,
 Each adverse pow'r subdue.
 Let my heart, (their rage repell'd)
 Of a willing off'ring yield ;
 To Thee its praise shall flow,
 One, while to my thought thy mercies rise,
 That gave me with exulting eyes
 To see my prostrate foe.

P S A L M LV.

LET sinners take their course,
 And choose the road to death ;
 In the worship of my God,
 I spend my daily breath.
 My thoughts address his throne,
 When morning brings the light :
 Seek his blessing every noon,
 And pay my vows at night.

Thou

Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God !
 While sinners perish in surprize,
 Beneath thy angry rod.
 Because they dwell at ease,
 And no sad changes feel,
 They neither fear nor trust thy name;
 Nor learn to do thy will.
 But I, with all my cares,
 Will lean upon the LORD ;
 I'll cast my burthen on his arm,
 And rest upon his word.
 His arm shall well sustain
 The children of his love ;
 The ground on which their safety stands
 No earthly pow'r can move.

P S A L M LVI.

GOD counts the sorrows of his saints,
 Their groans affect his ears ;
 Thou hast a book for my complaints,
 A bottle for my tears.
 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
 The wicked fear and flee ;
 So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,
 So near is God to me.
 In Thee, most holy, just, and true,
 I have repos'd my trust ;
 Nor will I fear what man can do,
 The offspring of the dust.

solemn vows are on me, LORD,
thou shalt receive my praise ;
sing how faithful is thy word,
how righteous all thy ways.
thou hast secur'd my soul from death ;
set thy pris'ner free ;
heart, and hand, and life and breath,
may be employ'd for Thee.

P S A L M LVII.

O God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown ;
come beneath thy spreading wings,
the dark cloud is overblown.

to the heav'ns I send my cry,
LORD will my desires perform ;
truth and mercy from on high
sends, and saves me from the storm.

thou exalted, O my God,
in the heav'ns where angels dwell !
thou'rt on earth be known abroad,
and to land thy wonders tell.

heart is fix'd, O God, to sing ;
heart is fix'd to give Thee praise.
I, my glory, lute, and string,
I myself, a song to raise.

o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
reaches to the utmost sky ;
truth to endless years remains,
lower worlds dissolve and die. !

Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heav'ns where angels dwell !
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

P S A L M LVIII.

YE men, whose lips the cause decide,
 Does truth your judgment sway ?
 Does righteousness your sentence guide,
 And th' equal balance weigh ?
 Yea hearts ye bear, which deep within
 Contrive and cherish ill ;
 And vi'lent hands, which prone to sin
 Your hearts' desires fulfil.
 E'en from the womb estrang'd from God,
 Their skill the wicked try,
 To stray in error's devious road,
 And speak the pois'nous lye.
 Not more envenom'd th' adder's tongue,
 Nor yet more deaf her ear ;
 How swift to speak and practise wrong !
 But right how slow to hear !
 Vengeance, O God, is only thine ;
 The lion's strength destroy :
 And, when they see the arm divine,
 The just in Thee shall joy.
 Yea, doubtless, all convinc'd shall cry,
 The righteous have reward ;
 Doubtless, there is a Judge on high,
 Who doth the earth regard.

P S A L M LIX.

ELIVER me, O God, my God,

From my determin'd foes ;
And me from the men of blood,
Thy strength to their's oppose.

Thy force, but not for fault of mine,
Against me they prepare :

O LORD, the cause is thine,
And see the hidden snare.

Teach o'er the heathen tribes thy rod,
And teach the world to know,
That He, who Jacob rules, is God,
And God o'er all below.

LORD, secure by Thee, thy might
Will praise with grateful tongue ;
To thy love, with morning light,
Will raise the loudest song.

Thy defence in trouble known,
Thee will I praise and sing :
Thou art still my strength and refuge own,
My God and gracious King.

P S A L M LX.

PULS'D, dispers'd, chaffis'd by Thee,
O grant us, LORD, thy face to see,
Let the people, once thy care,
In thy fav'ring presence share.

F

Now

Now trembles this divided land
 Beneath the terrors of thy hand!
 O Thou, the God, whom we adore,
 Its breaches heal, its peace restore.

Thy just decrees to Israel's eyes
 Have bid a scene of sorrow rise;
 And to his pallid lips the wine
 Of dire astonishment consign.

Yet see, thy hands a standard rear:
 Beneath it each, who owns thy fear,
 Engag'd in truth's neglected cause,
 His sword, secure of conquest, draws.

Such, objects of thy tend'rest love,
 Defend propitious from above;
 Let me with them thy mercy share,
 And hear, O hear, my ceaseless pray'r.

P S A L M. LXI.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
 My heart within me dies,
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

O lead me to the rock
 That's high above my head;
 And make the covert of thy wings,
 My shelter and my shade.

Within thy presence, LORD,
 For ever I'll abide;
 Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy Name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

P S A L M LXII.

MY waiting soul on God relies,
From Him alone my safety flows;
My rock, my health, that strength supplies,
To bear the shock of all my foes.

How long will ye contrive my fall,
And thereby hasten on your own?
Your semblance see, yon tott'ring wall,
Yon broken fence of mould'ring stone.

But still, my soul, on God rely,
On Him alone thy trust repose;
My rock and health will strength supply,
To bear the shock of all my foes.

God does his saving health dispense,
In Him I glory and depend;
He is my fortress and defence,
Who grace for grace doth daily send.

In Him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and just,
To each, as is his work, imparts.

P S A L M LXIII.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face;
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.

I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
 'Thro' all thy temple shine;
 My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
 That vision so divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast,
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.

Not life itself with all it's joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my chearful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.

Thus, till my last expiring day,
 I'll bless my GOD and KING;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM

P S A L M LXIV.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
To my request give ear;
Preserve my life from cruel foes,
And free my soul from fear.

O hide me, from their counsel hide,
In some secure retreat;
When wicked men against me rise,
Their plots and pow'r defeat.

See, how intent to do me harm,
They whet their tongues like swords,
And bend their bow to shoot their darts,
E'en lyes and bitter words.

But God, to anger justly mov'd,
His dreadful bow shall bend;
And, on his flying arrow's point,
Shall swift destruction send.

The world shall then God's pow'r confess,
And nations trembling stand;
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty work
Of his avenging hand.

Whilst righteous men, whom God secures,
In Him shall gladly trust;
And all the list'ning earth shall hear
Loud triumphs of the just.

P S A L M LXV.

FOR Thee, O God, our constant praise
 In Sion waits, thy chosen seat ;
 Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows compleat.

O Thou, who to my humble pray'r
 Didst always bend thy list'ning ear ;
 To Thee shall all mankind repair,
 And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins (tho' numberless) in vain
 To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
 Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
 And washest out the crimson dye.

Blest is the man, who, near Thee plac'd,
 Within thy sacred dwelling lives ;
 Whilst we at humble distance taste
 The vast delights thy temple gives.

P S A L M LXVI.

O COME, all ye that fear the LORD,
 Attend with heedful care ;
 Whilst I what God for me has done,
 With grateful joy declare.

As I, before, his aid implor'd,
 So now I praise his Name ;
 Who, if my heart hath harbor'd sin,
 Would all my pray'rs disclaim.

But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
His gracious ear did bend;
And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.

Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

P S A L M LXVII.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, LORD, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wond'rous ways
May thro' the earth be known;
And nations all their voices raise,
Thy saving health to own.

Let diff'ring people join
To celebrate thy fame:
Let all the people, LORD, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
Which God, our God, bestows.

Then God upon our land,
Shall constant blessings show'r;
And all the world in awe shall stand,
Of his resistless pow'r.

P S A L M LXVIII.

LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky :
 Those heav'nly guards around Thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious, when the LORD was there ;
 While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains like captives led.

Rais'd by his FATHER to the throne,
 He sent the promis'd blessing down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

P S A L M LXIX.

SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods
 Break in upon my soul :
 I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
 Like mighty waters roll.

I cry till all my voice be gone ;
 In tears I waste the day :
 My God, behold my longing eyes,
 And shorten thy delay.

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They hate my soul without a cause,
And still their number grows
More than the hairs around my head,
And mighty are my foes.

'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt,
That men could never pay,
And gave those honors to thy law,
Which sinners took away.

Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
Salvation in thy Name,
For I have borne their heavy load
Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

Grief, like a garment, cloath'd me round,
And sackcloth was my dress,
While I procur'd for naked souls
A robe of righteousness.

Amongst my brethren and the Jews,
I like a stranger stood,
And bore their vile reproach, to bring
The Gentiles near to God.

I came in sinful mortals stead
To do my FATHER's will;
Yet when I cleans'd my FATHER's house,
They scandaliz'd my zeal.

My fastings and my holy groans
Were made the drunkards song;
But GOD, from his celestial throne,
Heard my complaining tongue.

He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
 Nor let my soul be drown'd;
 He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
 On well-establiſh'd ground.

'Twas in a moſt accepted hour,
 My pray'r aroſe on high;
 And, for my ſake, my GOD ſhall hear
 The dying ſinner's cry.

P S A L M LXX.

HAſTE to my aid, my SAVIOUR, haſte;
 My ſoul by hoſtile numbers chas'd,
 To Thee directs it's pray'r:
 In wild confuſion backward borne,
 Their wiſh defeated let them mourn,
 And loſt in empty air.

Be ſhame their juſt reward aſſign'd,
 While round me with relentleſs mind
 Deriſion's ſhout they raiſe.
 Thy bliſs let all, who ſeek Thee, ſhare;
 And, taught by love, that love declare
 In ſongs of endless praiſe.

While theſe in thy ſalvation joy,
 Increasing griefs my thought employ
 And ſpeedieſt aid demand.
 My Helper and Redeemer, hear;
 O, inſtant in my cauſe appear,
 And reach thy ſaving hand.

P S A L M LXXI.

THY righteous acts and saving health,
My mouth shall still declare ;
Unable yet to count them all,
Tho' summ'd with utmost care.

While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on,
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.

Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth
To praise thy glorious Name ;
And ever since, thy wond'rous works
Have been my constant theme.

Then now forsake me not, when I
Am grey and feeble grown ;
'Till I to these and future times,
Thy strength and pow'r have shewn.

How high thy justice soars, O God !
How great and wond'rous are
The mighty works, which Thou hast done !
Who may with Thee compare ?

Me, whom thy hand has sorely press'd,
Thy grace shall yet relieve ;
And, from the lowest depth of woe,
With tender care relieve.

Thro' Thee, my time to come will be
With pow'r and greatness crown'd ;
And me, who dismal years have past,
Thy comforts shall surround.

Therefore

Therefore with psaltery and harp
 Thy truth O LORD, I'll praise;
 To Thee, the GOD of Jacob's race,
 My voice in anthems raise.

Then joy shall fill my mouth, and song
 Employ my cheerful voice:
 My grateful soul, by Thee redeem'd,
 Shall in thy strength rejoice.

P S A L M LXXII.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journies run:
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless pray'r be made,
 And princes throng to crown his head;
 His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on his love, with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his Name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
 The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays his healing pow'r,
 Death and the curse are known no more;
 In Him the sons of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.

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Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

P S A L M LXXIII.

GOD my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
Thy counsels, LORD, shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
Were I in heav'n without my God,
'T would be no joy to me ;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.
What, if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint !
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.
Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die ;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry ;
But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

P S A L M LXXIV.

WHY hast Thou cast us off, O God;
Wilt Thou no more return?

O why against thy chosen flock,
Does thy fierce anger burn?

Think on thine ancient purchase, LORD,
Thy land and people own,
By Thee redeem'd, and Sion's mount,
Where once thy glory shone.

Thy foes blaspheme thy Name, where late
Thy zealous servants pray'd;
The heathen there with haughty pomp,
Their banners have display'd.

Arise, O God, in our behalf,
Thy cause and ours maintain;
Remember, how insulting fools
Each day thy Name prophane.

P S A L M LXXV.

THY Name, immortal God, thy Name,
Our love and highest praise shall claim;
Whose acts attest Thee ever near,
And plant within our hearts thy fear.
When I, ordain'd the Judge of all,
Th' assembled world before me call,
I shall assert th' eternal laws,
And arbitrate each doubtful cause.

Thou

Though earth's wide reign before mine eye
Dissolv'd in wild confusion lie,
Secure from lapse its pillars stand,
And rest on my supporting hand.

Lift not the horn, ye sons of pride,
Lift not your horn so high, I cry'd ;
Nor thus my rule oppose in vain,
With stubborn neck, and lip prophane.

For why ? that God, who's Judge alone,
From head to head the regal crown
Transfers : wealth, honor, pow'r, his doom
At will shall grant, at will resume.

Behold Me, conqu'ring, in his right,
Now crush the horn of impious might ;
Now bid the just, that prostrate lies,
With lifted head triumphant rise.

P S A L M LXXVI.

IN Judah God Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by wonders shown)

His Name is great in Israel ;
His sanctu'ry in Salem stands ;
The Majesty that heav'n commands,
In Sion condescends to dwell.

He brake the bow and arrows there,
The shield, the sword, the glitt'ring spear,
There slain the mighty army lay ;
Whence Zion's fame through earth is spread,
Of greater glory, greater dread,
Than hills, where robbers lodge their prey.

When Thou, O Jacob's God, dost frown,
 Both horse and chariot are o'erthrown,
 And hush'd to sleep in endless night;
 When Thou, whom heav'n and earth revere,
 Dost once with wrathful looks appear,
 What mortal pow'r can stand thy fight?
 Pronounc'd from heav'n, earth heard its doom,
 Fear'd, and was still when Thou didst come,
 The meek with judgment to restore:
 The wrath of man shall yield Thee praise,
 It's fierce attempts but serve to raise
 The triumphs of almighty pow'r.
 Vow to the LORD, ye nations, bring
 Vow'd presents to th' eternal King:
 Thus to his Name due rev'rence pay;
 Who proudest potentates can quell,
 To earthly kings more terrible,
 Than to their trembling subjects they.

P S A L M LXXVII.

TO GOD I cry'd with mournful voice,
 I sought his gracious ear,
 In the sad day when troubles rose,
 And fill'd the night with fear.
 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
 My soul refus'd relief;
 I thought on God, the just and wise,
 But thought increas'd my grief.
 Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
 My heart began to break;
 My GOD, thy wrath forbade me rest,
 And kept my eyes awake.

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My overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more ;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.
I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face ;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes,
That might withhold thy grace.
I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before ;
And will the LORD no more be kind ?
His face appear no more ?
Will he for ever cast me off ?
His promise ever fail ?
Has he forgot his tender love ?
Shall anger still prevail ?
But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought ;
Thy hand is still the same.
I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er ;
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When flesh could hope no more.
Grace dwells with justice on the throne ;
And men, that love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

P S A L M LXXVIII.

HEAR, O my people ; to my law
 Devout attention lend :
 Let the instruction of my mouth
 Deep in your hearts descend.
 My tongue, by inspiration taught,
 Shall parables untold ;
 Dark sayings, which we've heard and known,
 Such as our fathers told.
 We will not hide them from our sons ;
 Our offspring shall be taught
 The praises of the LORD, whose strength
 Has works of wonder wrought.
 For Jacob he this law ordain'd,
 This league with Israel made ;
 With charge, to be from age to age,
 From race to race convey'd.
 To teach them, that in God alone
 Their hope securely stands ;
 That they should ne'er forget his works,
 But keep his just commands.

P S A L M LXXIX.

O Israel's Father and his God,
 The heathen pow'rs thy lov'd abode
 Rapacious seize ; see ev'ry foe
 Reproach, and fierce derision throw.

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See, LORD, and say how long thine ire
 Shall blaze with unextinguished fire ?
 How long thy flock are doom'd to prove
 The sad suspension of thy love ?

Blest SAVIOUR ! let thy pow'r divine
 Conspicuous in our rescue shine,
 And (Israel's trespasss purg'd away)
 Thy boundless clemency display.

O hear the wretched captive's groan :
 The souls, whom death has mark'd his own ;
 Haste, LORD, while helpless thus we grieve,
 Thy long lost people to relieve !

So shall the flock, acknowledged thine,
 To Thee in grateful praises join ;
 And, long as Israel boasts a name,
 From fire to son transmit thy fame.

P S A L M LXXX.

HAST Thou not planted with thy hands
 A lovely vine in heathen lands ?

Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
 And heav'nly dews enrich the ground ?

How did the spreading branches shoot,
 And bless the nations with the fruit ?

But now look down, O LORD, and see,
 Thy mourning vine that lovely tree.

Why is its beauty thus defac'd ?

Why hast thou laid her fences waste ?

Strangers and foes against her join,

And ev'ry beast devours thy vine.

Return

See,

Return, almighty GOD, return ;
 Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :
 Turn us to Thee, thy love restore ;
 We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

P S A L M LXXX.

SECOND PART.

LORD, when this vine in Canaan grew,
 Thou wast its strength and glory too !
 Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
 Till the fair Branch of Promise rose.

Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
 From David's stock, from Jacob's root ;
 Himself a noble vine, and we
 The lesser branches of the tree.

'Tis thine own Son ; and He shall stand,
 Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand,
 Thy first-born Son ador'd and blest'd
 With pow'r and grace above the rest.

O! for his sake attend our cry,
 Shine on thy churches lest they die ;
 Turn us to Thee, thy love restore ;
 We shall be sav'd to sin no more.

P S A L M LXXXI.

TO GOD our never failing strength,
 With loud applauses sing :
 And jointly make a cheerful noise
 To Jacob's GOD and King.

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No God, He saith, besides myself,
 Within Thee shall be found,
 Nor shalt thou worship any God
 Of all the nations round.

But they, my chosen race, refus'd
 To hearken to my voice ;
 Nor would rebellious Israel's sons
 Make Me their happy choice.

So I, provok'd, resign'd them up
 To ev'ry lust a prey ;
 And in their own perverse designs,
 Permitted them to stray.

But O that my deluded flock
 Would my commandments heed ;
 And Israel in my righteous ways,
 With pious care proceed !

Then should my heavy judgments fall
 On all that them oppose,
 And my avenging hand be turn'd
 Against their num'rous foes.

Their land with plenty should abound,
 With finest wheat their fields ;
 And to their taste th'eternal rock
 Should richest honey yield.

P S A L M LXXXII.

AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
 A greater Ruler takes his seat ;
 The God of heav'n, as Judge, surveys
 Those gods on earth in all their ways.

Why

Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

They know not, LORD, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go,
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

Arise, O LORD, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod:
He is our Judge, and He our God.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

MY GOD, no longer silent stand;
No longer let thy pow'rful hand
Withhold its oft requested aid,
While thus thy foes our peace invade.
Behold them, LORD, their acts employ,
The heav'n-rai'd people to destroy,
The souls, whom, with thy favor crown'd,
Thy secret presence wraps around.
Their leagues, their plans, with frantic aim,
Against omnipotence they frame;
And fir'd to rage with fierce alarms,
The headlong nations rush to arms.
Swift as the fiery deluge strays,
And wraps the forest in its blaze;
Or, furious, onward as it pours,
The mountains shaggy waste devours.

Let wild confusion clothe their cheek,
And teach them, LORD, thy Name to seek,
While ruin, death, and shame, they see
To each ordain'd that errs from Thee.

"JEHOVAH," shall the rebels cry,
"JEHOVAH only reigns on high,
"And o'er the earth, from day to day,
"Asserts his everlasting sway."

P S A L M LXXXIV.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O LORD of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit fairs
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for GOD ;
My GOD ! My King ! why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee ?

The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest :
But will my GOD to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want ?

Blest are the saints, who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temples of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Blest

Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and thro' the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

P S A L M LXXXV.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
To those that fear and trust the LORD;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since CHRIST the LORD came down from
By his obedience so complete [heav'n
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence blest the ground,
In our REDEEMER's gentle reign.

His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God:
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

PSALM

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P S A L M LXXXVI.

TO my complaint, O LORD my God,
 Thy gracious ear incline :
 Hear me—distress'd and destitute
 Of all relief but thine.

Do Thou, O God, preserve my soul,
 That does thy Name adore ;
 Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
 Relies on Thee, restore.

To me, who daily Thee invoke,
 Thy mercy, LORD, extend :
 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
 On Thee alone depend.

Thou, LORD art good ; not only good,
 But prompt to pardon too :
 Of plenteous mercy to all those
 Who for thy mercy sue.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

GOD in this earthly temple lays
 Foundations for his heav'nly praise :
 He likes the tents of Jacob well ;
 But still in ZION loves to dwell.

His mercy visits ev'ry house,
 That pay their night and morning vows ;
 But makes a more delightful stay,
 Where churches meet to praise and pray.

H

What

What glories were describ'd of old ?
 What wonders are of Zion told ?
 Thou city of our God below,
 Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know,
 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
 Shall there begin their lives anew ;
 Angels and men shall join to sing
 The hill where living waters spring.
 When God makes up his last account
 Of natives in his holy mount,
 'Twill be an honor to appear
 As one new-born, or nourish'd there.

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

MY SAVIOUR GOD, by night, by day,
 To Thee I pour my cries ;
 Let my sad plaints, while thus I pray,
 Before thy throne arise.
 Low in the depth's unfathom'd night,
 Thou throw'st my trembling soul ;
 On me thine awful judgments light,
 And all thy tempests roll.
 No friendly feet approach me nigh ;
 Abhor'd, as one that's dead,
 To Thee, who only hear'st my cry,
 My suppliant hands I spread.
 O say shall mightiest acts be shewn,
 Where death triumphant reigns ?
 The dead, to make thy wonders known,
 Burst their sepulchral chains ?

Shall

Shall love, like thine, and truth appear,
 Where darkness all things hides?
 Thy righteousness be publish'd where
 Forgetfulness presides?
 Like breaking seas, with mighty force,
 Thy terrors bear me down;
 And, with a vast united course,
 My ev'ry comfort drown.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

FOR ever shall my song record
 The truth and mercy of the LORD:
 Mercy and truth for ever stand,
 Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand:
 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
 " With Thee my cov'nant first is made;
 " In Thee shall dying sinners live;
 " Glory and grace are thine to give.
 " Be Thou my Prophet, Thou my Priest;
 " Thy children be for ever blest;
 " Thou art my chosen King: thy throne
 " Shall stand eternal like my own.
 " There's none of all my sons above
 " So much my image or my love;
 " Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are!
 " Then what can earth to Thee compare?
 " David, my servant, whom I chose
 " To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
 " And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
 " Was but a shadow of my Son."

Now let the church rejoice, and sing
JESUS, her Saviour and her King:
 Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
 And saints declare his works below.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

SECOND METRE

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
 The Gospel's joyful sound;
 Peace shall attend the paths they go,
 And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
 Thro' their **REDEEMER'S** Name:
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

The **LORD**, their glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives:
 Israel, thy **KING** for ever reigns;
 Thy God for ever lives.

P S A L M XC.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

Before

Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God;
 To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
 "Return ye sons of men;"
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an ev'ning gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

P S A L M XCI.

THE secret place of God most high,
 Far, far remov'd from mortal eye,
 The man who hath his dwelling made,
 Shall rest beneath th' Almighty's shade.

O'er thee his wings the Lord shall spread,
 And with his feathers guard thy head;
 And, as with buckler and with shield,
 Shall gird thee with his truth reveal'd.

Nor fear by night shall thee dismay,
 Nor well-aim'd darts, which fly by day;
 The plague which haunts the pallid moon,
 Nor sickness, which destroys at noon.

A thousand shall beside thee lie,
 Ten thousands at thy right hand die;
 Th' ungodly punished thou shalt see,
 But death hath no command for thee.

My Name JEHOVAH He hath known,
 And set his love on me alone;
 For this his head aloft I rear,
 And, when He calls upon me, hear.

In trouble I will Him attend,
 To save, to honor, and defend;
 Him will I shew my saving grace,
 And satisfy with length of days.

P S A L M XCII.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy Name, give thanks and sing;
 To shew thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth by night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
 No mortal care shall seize my breast:
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!

My heart shall triumph in my LORD,
 And bless his works, and bless his word:
 Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
 How deep thy counsels! how divine!

Fools never raise their thoughts so high:
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die:
 Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
 Blasts them in everlasting death.

But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

P S A L M XCIII.

J EHOVAH reigns : He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might ;
The world, created by his hands.
Still on its first foundation stands.

But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood ;
Thyself the ever-living God.

Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high !
At thy rebuke the billows die. .

For ever shall thy throne endure ;
Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM

P S A L M XCIV.

O God, to whom revenge belongs,
 Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
 Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs;
 Let justice smite the proud.

They say, "The LORD nor sees, nor hears."
 When will the fools be wise?
 Can He be deaf, who form'd their ears?
 Or blind, who made their eyes?

He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
 And they shall feel his pow'r;
 His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,
 In some surprizing hour.

But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
 Thou hast a gentler rod;
 Thy providences, and thy book,
 Shall make them know their God.

Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
 And to his duty draw:
 Thy scourges make thy children wise,
 When they forget thy law.

But GOD will ne'er cast off his saints,
 Nor his own promise break;
 He pardons his inheritance
 For their REDEEMER's sake:

PSALM

P S A L M XCV.

SING to the LORD JEHOVAH's Name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his Salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing ;
The LORD's a GOD of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come, kneel before his face :
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace ;

Now is the time ; He bends his ear,
And waits for your request :
Come, lest He rouse his wrath, and swear,
“ Ye shall not see my rest.”

P S A L M XCVI.

SING to the LORD, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and noble song.

Say to the nations, JESUS reigns,
God's own almighty SON ;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace furrounds his throne.

Let

Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
 Joy thro' the earth be seen;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.
 Let an unusual joy surprize
 The islands of the sea;
 Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
 Prepare the LORD his way.
 Behold He comes! He comes to bless
 The nations as their God:
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad,
 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
 And bid the world draw near,
 How will the guilty nations dread
 To see their Judge appear!

P S A L M XCVII.

HE reigns, the LORD the SAVIOUR reigns!
 Praise Him in evangelic strains;
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
 And distant islands join their voice.
 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
 But grace and truth support his throne:
 Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,
 Justice is their eternal ground.
 In robes of judgment, lo, He comes!
 Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs:
 Before Him burns devouring fire;
 The mountains melt, the seas retire.

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His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

P S A L M XCVII.

SECOND PART.

THE LORD is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his Name:
An unknown star directs the road
Of Eastern sages to their God.
All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the SAVIOUR lies;
Angels and kings, before him bow;
Those gods on high, and gods below.
Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

P S A L M XCVII.

THIRD PART.

TH' ALMIGHTY reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
O ye that love his holy Name,
Flee ev'ry work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

Immortal

Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the LORD;
None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

P S A L M XCVIII.

JOY to the world, the LORD is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And all creation sing.

Joy to the earth, the SAVIOUR reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

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P S A L M XCIX.

THE GOD JEHOVAH reigns,
Let all the nations fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
The pow'rs of darkness rise,
But He's exalted still ;
Between the cherubim he sits,
His mercies to fulfil.
In Zion is his throne,
His honors are divine ;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
How wonderful, how great,
How holy is his name !
How just, and true are all his ways !
From age to age the same.

P S A L M C.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
The LORD, ye know, is GOD indeed,
Without our aid He did us make ;
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for his sheep He doth us take.

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O enter

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bleſs his name always,
For it is ſeemly ſo to do.

For why? the LORD our GOD is good,
His mercy is for ever ſure:
His truth at all times firmly ſtood,
And ſhall from age to age endure.

A N O T H E R.

WITH one conſent, let all the earth
Their tribute to JEHOVAH bring;
Their homage pay with awful mirth,
And ſongs of praiſe before Him ſing.

JEHOVAH'S GOD: 'tis He alone
Doth life, and breath, and all things give;
We are his works, and not our own,
The ſheep that on his paſture live.

O enter then his gates with joy,
With praiſes to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ.
To pay your thanks and honors there.

For He's the LORD, ſupremely good,
His mercy is for ever ſure;
His truth, which always firmly ſtood,
To endless ages ſhall endure.

PSALM

P S A L M CI.

MERCY and judgment I will sing,
 I sing, O LORD to Thee ;
 O when wilt Thou descend, and bring
 Thy light and life to me ?
 A perfect way, by wisdom trod,
 A perfect heart at home ;
 A way, a heart, a house, O GOD,
 I seek, where Thou wilt come.
 Hence ev'ry wicked thing depart ;
 Hence error's works, be gone ;
 Let not be here a froward heart,
 Nor wicked person known.
 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
 And will their help enjoy :
 These are the friends that I will trust,
 The servants I'll employ.
 From lyes, from slander, and deceit,
 My dwelling shall be free ;
 So shall it be a dwelling meet,
 Most righteous LORD, for Thee.

P S A L M CII.

IT is the LORD our SAVIOUR's hand
 Weakens our strength amidst the race ;
 Disease and death at his command
 Arrest us, and cut short our days.

Spare us, O LORD, aloud we pray,
 Nor let our sun go down at noon;
 Thy years are one eternal day,
 And must thy children die so soon?
 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
 This thought our sorrows shall assuage:
 "Our FATHER and our SAVIOUR live;
 "CHRIST is the same thro' ev'ry age."
 'Twas He this earth's foundation laid;
 Heav'n is the building of his hand;
 This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade,
 And all be chang'd at his command.
 The starry curtains of the sky,
 Like garments shall be laid aside;
 But still thy throne stands firm and high;
 Thy church for ever must abide.
 Before thy face thy church shall live,
 And on thy throne thy children reign;
 This dying world shall they survive,
 And the dead saints be rais'd again.

P S A L M CIII.

MY soul inspir'd with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever bless;
 Of all his favors mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.
 'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,
 And after sickness makes thee sound;
 From danger He thy life retrieves,
 By Him with grace and mercy crown'd.

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The LORD abounds with tender love,
And unexempl'd acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

GOD will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay;
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has He our sins remov'd;
Who with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear Him always lov'd.

P S A L M CIV.

MY soul praise the LORD; O LORD, Thou
art mine,

My GOD very great in wisdom and might,
With majesty clothed, with honor divine,
And as with a garment all cover'd with light!

As curtains, the heav'ns who stretchest out wide,
Who lays in the deep his bed to retire;
The clouds are his chariot; on winds He doth
His angels are spirits; his ministers fire. [ride;

How manifold, LORD, the things that are made!
 Thy works in the earth, thy works in the sea,
 Both full of thy riches ! in both is display'd
 That wisdom, which only belongeth to Thee.

As long as I live, I'll sing to the LORD,
 And give laud to GOD, who gives me my days;
 This, this with my heart doth most sweetly ac-
 cord ;

Bless the LORD, O my soul, all people Him praise,

P S A L M CV.

WHEN Israel's tribes, from bondage brought,
 Forsook the hated ground ;
 Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
 And not one feeble found.

The LORD himself chose out their way,
 And mark'd their journey right ;
 Gave them a leading cloud by day,
 A fiery guide by night.

They thirst ; and waters from the rock
 In rich abundance flow ;
 And foll'wing still the course they took,
 Ran all the desert through.

O wond'rous stream ! O blessed type
 Of ever-flowing grace !
 So CHRIST, our rock, maintains our life,
 Thro' all this wilderness.

Thus

Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear :
Israel must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

P S A L M C VI.

O Render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm thro' ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express ?
Not only vast, but numberless :
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Thy judgments, and thy righteousness,
Shall those who keep and do them bless,
Such is thy saints felicity,
And such, LORD, I desire to see.

O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice ;
This is my glory, LORD, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to Thee.

PSALM

P S A L M CVII.

FROM age to age exalt his name,
 God and his grace are still the same;
 He fills the hungry soul with food,
 And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

But if their hearts rebel, and rise
 Against the God that rules the skies;
 If they reject his heav'nly word,
 And slight the counsels of the Lord;

He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
 And no deliv'rer shall be found;
 Laden with grief, they waste their breath
 In darkness and the shades of death.

Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
 He makes the dawning light arise,
 And scatters all that dismal shade
 That hung so heavy round their head.

He cuts the bars of brass in two,
 And lets the smiling pris'ner through;
 Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
 And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

O may the sons of men record
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
 How great his works! how kind his ways!
 Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM

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P S A L M CVIII.

MY heart, O God, my heart is fix'd
To magnify thy name ;
My tongue shall give Thee praise, my tongue
The glory of my frame.

Awake, my lute and harp, while I
Awake with day to sing ;
Among the nations I will speak
The praises of my King.

Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends ;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithfulness extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame ;
And let the earth, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

That thy beloved people Thee
Their SAVIOUR may declare,
Let thy right hand protect me still,
And answer Thou my pray'r.

P S A L M CIX.

O God, whose former mercies make
My constant praise thy due ;
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state
With wonted favor view.

For

For sinful men, with lying lips,
Deceitful speeches frame,
And with their studied slanders seek
To wound my spotless fame.

Their restless hatred prompts them still
Malicious lies to spread;
And all against my life combine,
With causeless fury led.

They, whom with tenderest love I us'd,
My chief opposers are;
Whilst I, of other friends bereft,
Resort to Thee by pray'r.

Then let them curse—but I to God
My thankful voice will raise;
And where the great assembly meets,
There will I speak his praise.

For Him the poor at their right hand
Their constant friend shall have,
From judgments cruel and unjust
Their righteous souls to save.

P S A L M CX.

THE LORD unto my LORD thus spake:
“ Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
“ Sit thou in state at my right hand;
“ Supreme in Zion thou shalt be,
“ And all thy proud opposers see
“ Subjected to thy just command.

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" Thee, in thy pow'r's triumphant day,
 " The willing nations shall obey ;
 " And when thy rising beams they view,
 " Shall all (redeem'd from error's night)
 " Appear as numberless and bright,
 " As crystal drops of morning dew."

The LORD has sworn, nor sworn in vain,
 That, like Melchizedeck's, thy reign
 And priesthood shall no period know ;
 No proud competitor to sit
 At thy right hand will He permit ;
 But in his wrath e'en kings o'erthrow.

The sentenc'd heathen He shall slay,
 And fill with carcases the way,
 'Till He has struck earth's tyrants dead :
 To lowest state he first shall sink,
 Of sorrow's brook on earth shall drink,
 And then in triumph lift his head.

P S A L M CXI.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
 To my almighty God ;
 He has my heart, and He my tongue,
 To spread his name abroad.

How great the works his hands have wrought,
 How glorious in our sight !
 And men in ev'ry age have sought
 His wonders with delight.

How

How most exact is nature's frame,
 How wise th' eternal mind!
 His counsels never change the scheme,
 That his first thought design'd.

When He redeem'd his chosen sons,
 He fixt his cov'nant sure:
 The orders that his lips pronounce,
 To endless years endure.

Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heav'nly skill proclaim;
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name?

To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill;
 And he's the wisest of our race,
 That best obeys thy will.

P S A L M CXII.

BLESSED the man, who GOD doth fear,
 And his commandments loves indeed;
 His seed on earth will God uprear,
 And bless such as from him proceed:
 His riches shall not cease to flow;
 His righteousness no end shall know.
 Unto the upright doth arise
 In trouble joy, in darkness light;
 Compassion sparkles in his eyes,
 And grace is always in his sight:
 To others good, and prone to lend,
 His own he doth discreetly spend.

And surely he shall never fail,
 The object of eternal care ;
 Ill tidings shall not him assail,
 He trusts the LORD, his heart is there :
 His heart is firm, his fears are past,
 For all his foes shall fall at last.

He hath dispers'd his bounteous gifts,
 Still to the poor his mercy flows ;
 This, this his horn with honor lifts,
 And grieves his disappointed foes :
 To their own wickedness a prey,
 They gnash their teeth, and melt away.

P S A L M CXIII.

YE servants of th' almighty KING,
 In ev'ry age his praises sing ;
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
 The nations shall his praise repeat.
 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 Stands his high throne of majesty ;
 Nor time nor place his pow'r restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign.
 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
 Or angels with their God compare ?
 His glories how divinely bright,
 Who dwells in uncreated light !
 Behold his love, he stoops to view
 What saints above and angels do ;
 And condescends yet more to know
 The mean affairs of men below.

From dust and cottages obscure
 His grace exalts the humble poor ;
 Gives them the honor of his sons,
 And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

P S A L M CXIV.

WHEN Jacob's sons thro' paths unknown,
 From Egypt took their way,
 In Judah was JEHOVAH's throne,
 And Israel own'd his sway.

Old Ocean saw them as they came ;
 He saw and backward fled :
 Recoiling Jordan turn'd his stream,
 And sought his fountain head.

The mountains feel the sudden shock ;
 As rams, from off the ground
 They spring : as younglings of the flock,
 The hills affrighted bound.

Thou Ocean, say, why, as they came,
 Thy billows backward fled ?
 And what, O Jordan, urg'd thy stream,
 To seek its fountain head ?

Ye mountains, whence the sudden shock ?
 Why leap ye from the ground,
 As rams ? as younglings of the flock,
 Say why, O hills, ye bound ?

Earth, instant, to thy lowest base
 Convuls'd avow thy fear,
 While heav'ns high LORD reveals his face,
 While Jacob's GOD is near.

Dissolv

Dissolv'd beneath whose potent stroke
 The flint a torrent gave ;
 Who spake ; and from the yielding rock
 Gush'd forth the bidden wave.

P S A L M CXV.

NOT unto us, LORD, not to us,
 But Thou, the glory take
 Unto thy Name, e'en for thy truth,
 And for thy mercy's sake.
 O wherefore should the heathen say,
 Where is their GOD now gone ?
 But our GOD in the heavens is,
 What pleas'd Him He hath done.
 Their idols silver are and gold.
 Work of mens hands they be :
 Mouths have they, but they do not speak ;
 And eyes but do not see.
 Ears have they, but they do not hear ;
 Noses, but savor not :
 Hands, feet, but handle not, nor walk,
 Nor speak they through their throat.
 Like them their makers are, and all
 On them their trust that build.
 O Israel, trust then in the LORD,
 He is their help and shield.
 O Aaron's house, trust in the LORD,
 Their help and shield is He :
 Ye that fear GOD, trust in the LORD,
 Their help and shield He'll be.

The LORD of us hath mindful been,
 And He will bless us still;
 He will the house of Israel bless,
 Bless Aaron's house he will.

Both small and great, that fear the LORD,
 He will them surely bless;
 The Lord will you, you and your seed,
 Ay more and more increase.

Ye are the blessed of the LORD,
 Who made the earth and heav'n.
 The heav'n, the heav'ns are God's, but He
 The earth to men hath giv'n.

The dead, who down to silence go,
 God's praise do not record;
 But henceforth we the LORD will bless:
 For ever praise the LORD.

P S A L M CXVI.

I Love the LORD: he heard my cries,
 And pity'd ev'ry groan:
 Long as I live when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.

I love the LORD: He bow'd his ear,
 And chas'd my griefs away:
 O let my heart no more despair,
 While I have breath to pray.

My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
 And I drew near the dead;
 While inward pangs of fear and hell
 Perplex'd my wakeful head.

My GOD, I cry'd, thy servant save,
 Thou ever good and just;
 Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
 Thy pow'r is all my trust.

The LORD beheld me sore distressed,
 He bid my pains remove:
 Return my soul to GOD, thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.

My GOD has sav'd my soul from death,
 And dry'd my falling tears;
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

P S A L M CXVII.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the REDEEMER's Name be sung,
 Thro ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.
 Eternal are thy mercies LORD!
 Eternal truth attends thy word:
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M CXVIII.

FIRST PART.

OPEN the gates of righteousness,
 There let thy servant go;
 There let me, LORD, thy Name address,
 Where all thy mercies flow.

Behold the sure Foundation Stone,
Which GOD in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise!

The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thy own work, almighty GOD,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

P S A L M CXVIII.

SECOND PART.

THIS is the day the LORD hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed KING,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O LORD; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

Blest be the LORD, who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in GOD his FATHER's Name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M CXIX.

O That the LORD would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my GOD would grant me grace
To know and do his will!
O send thy SPIRIT down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act a liar's part.
From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire arise
Within this soul of mine.
Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, LORD,
But keep my conscience clear.
My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head or heart or hands
Offend against my GOD.

PSALM

P S A L M CXX.

TO GOD I cry'd, with anguish stung,
 Nor pour'd a fruitless pray'r.
 O save me from the lying tongue,
 And lips that would insnare.

Thou child of guilt, to falsehood bred,
 What, what shall be thine end?
 See sharpest arrows o'er my head,
 And quenchless coals, impend.

Ah! woe is me, to Mesech's seat,
 And Kedar's tents confin'd;
 Perpetual insult doom'd to meet,
 From men of restless mind.

When offers mild of peace I make,
 And friendliest terms prepare;
 My words their slumb'ring rage awake,
 And arm them for the war.

P S A L M CXXI.

TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid;
 The LORD who built the earth and skies,
 Is my perpetual aid.

Their feet shall never slide or fall,
 Whom he designs to keep;
 His ear attends the softest call;
 His eyes can never sleep.

He will sustain our weakest pow'rs
 With his almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against impending harm.

Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
 Thy keeper is the LORD;
 His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
 For thine eternal guard.

P S A L M CXXII.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 Up, let us in God's house appear,
 And keep the solemn day.

O Salem, fairest place! our feet
 Within thy gates shall stand:
 A city, Salem, how complete!
 It shews its builder's hand.

Thither, with thanks, and joys unknown,
 JEHOVAH's tribes repair;
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.

O for the peace of Salem pray,
 For they shall prosp'rous be,
 Who to thy temple find the way,
 And bear true love to Thee.

Within thy palaces and walls
 May peace and plenty reign!
 My friends, my brethren, (pow'rful calls)
 My heart to Thee constrain.

But

But still thy noble cause t' espouse,
 I feel a higher claim :
 The LORD our God here builds his house,
 Here puts his holy Name.

P S A L M CXXIII.

O Thou, whose grace and justice reign,
 Enthron'd above the skies,
 To Thee our hearts would tell their pain :
 To Thee we lift our eyes.

As servants watch their master's hand,
 And fear the angry stroke ;
 Or maids before their mistress stand,
 And wait a peaceful look.

So fix'd on Thee, O LORD our God,
 Our eyes with tears o'erflow,
 Till Thou remove thy chast'ning rod,
 And mercy on us shew.

Have mercy, LORD : for they, who live
 At ease, our groans deride ;
 And thy delays of mercy give
 Fresh courage to their pride.

Our foes insult us, but our hope
 In thy compassion lies :
 This thought will bear our spirits up,
 That God will not despise.

P S A L M CXXIV.

HAD not the LORD, may Israel say,
Had not the LORD maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide:

The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll;
We had been swallow'd deep in death;
Flood waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

We leap for joy; we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke:
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

For ever blessed be the LORD,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare;
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives and souls his care!

Our help is in JEHOVAH's Name,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies:
He that upholds that wond'rous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

P S A L M CXXV.

THOSE that do place their confidence
Upon the LORD our GOD only,
And flee to Him for their defence
In all their need and misery,
Their faith is sure still to endure,
Founded on CHRIST the Corner Stone;
Mov'd with no ill, but standeth still,
As fast like to the Mount Zion.

And

And as about Jerusalem
 The mighty hills do it compass,
 So that no foes can come to them
 To hurt that town in any case.
 So God indeed, in ev'ry need,
 His faithful people doth defend,
 Standing them by assuredly
 From this time forth world without end.

P S A L M CXXVI.

WHEN Zion's bondage God restor'd,
 We were like them that dream;
 But soon with laughter did our mouth,
 Our tongue with praises teem.

Then were the heathen forc'd to say,
 "The LORD hath great things done:"
 Great things for us the LORD hath wrought,
 Which we rejoice to own.

As rivers in the south, O LORD,
 Again our captives bring.

We sow in tears, but when we reap,
 With joy we shout and sing.

The man who, bearing precious seed,
 In going forth doth mourn,
 He doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,
 Rejoicing shall return.

A N O T H E R.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious Name,
 And chang'd my mournful state,
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.

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The world beheld the glorious change,
And did his hand confess ;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

The LORD can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

Let those, who sow in darkness, wait,
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

P S A L M CXXVII.

EXCEPT the LORD do build the house,
The builders lose their pain :
Except the LORD the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.

Ye rise up early, late take rest,
And eat the bread of care ;
But all in vain. His gift is sleep,
Which his beloved share.

Lo, children are God's heritage ;
The womb's fruit his reward :
Young children as the arrows are,
For giants hands prepar'd.

Blest who his quiver stores with these :
When hostile bands are near,
They shall speak with them in the gate,
Without or shame or fear.

P S A L M CXXVIII.

BLEST is each one that fears the LORD,
 And walketh in his ways :
 Thy labour shall produce thee meat,
 And happy be thy days.

Thy wife shall, as a fruitful vine
 By thy house sides, be found ;
 Thy children, like to olive plants,
 Thy table shall surround.

Behold, the man that fears the LORD,
 Thus blessed shall he be :
 The LORD shall out of Zion give
 His blessing unto thee.

Thou shalt Jerus'lem's good behold,
 Whilst thou on earth dost dwell :
 Thou shalt thy children's children see,
 And peace on Israel.

P S A L M CXXIX.

"OFT did they vex me from my youth,"
 May Israel now declare :
"Oft did they vex me from my youth,
" Yet not victorious were.
" The plowers plow'd upon my back ;
" They long their furrows drew :
" The righteous LORD hath cut the cords
" Of the ungodly crew."

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Let all that our lov'd Zion hate,
 With shame be overthrown;
 As fading as the house-top grass,
 Which withers ere it's grown.

Whereof enough to fill his hand,
 The mower doth not find;
 Nor can the man his bosom fill,
 Whose work is sheaves to bind.

Whereof none say, as they pass by,
 "God's blessings on you rest;
 "We wish you in JEHOVAH'S Name,
 "We wish you to be blest."

P S A L M CXXX.

FROM lowest depths of woe,
 To God I sent my cry;
LORD hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply.
 Should'st Thou severely judge,
 Who can the trial bear?
 But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
 And quite renounce thy fear.
 My soul with patience waits
 For Thee the living LORD;
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.
 My longing eyes look out
 For thy enliv'ning ray,
 More duly than the morning watch
 To spy the dawning day.

Let Israel trust in God ;
 No bounds his mercy knows ;
 The plenteous source and spring from whence
 Eternal succour flows.

Whose friendly streams to us
 Supplies in want convey ;
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
 And wash our guilt away.

P S A L M CXXXI.

IN me, O LORD, an haughty mind,
 And lofty eyes, Thou shalt not find :
 Great things do not attract my view,
 Nor do my thoughts high things pursue.

Thou seest in me behaviour mild,
 A soul as humble as the child ;
 The child who meekly sinks to rest,
 Wean'd from the tender parent's breast.

More tender than that parent see
 The LORD, O Israel, cherish thee :
 To latest times on Him depend,
 Thy Guide, thy Guardian, and thy Friend.

P S A L M CXXXII.

ARISE, O KING of grace, arise,
 And enter into rest !
 Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,
 Thus to be own'd and blest.

Enter with all thy glorious train,
 Thy SPIRIT and thy word :
 All that the ark did once contain,
 Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
 Here let thy praise be spread,
 Bless the provisions of the house,
 And fill thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign ;
 Let God's Anointed shine ;
 Justice and truth his court maintain,
 With love and pow'r divine.

Here let him hold a lasting throne,
 And as his kingdom grows,
 Fresh honor shall adorn his crown,
 And shame confound his foes.

P S A L M CXXXIII.

LO, what an entertaining sight
 Are brethren that agree,
 Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
 In bands of piety !

When streams of love, from CHRIST the spring,
 Descend to ev'ry soul,
 And heav'nly peace with balmy wing,
 Shades and bedews the whole :

'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
 On Aaron's rev'rend head,
 The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
 And o'er his garments spread.

'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distill.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

BEHOLD, and have regard,
All servants of the LORD,
Who in his house by night do stand,
Bless Him with one accord.

Lift up your holy hands,
And seek JEHOVAH's face;
The praises of JEHOVAH sing,
His benefits embrace.

The LORD of heav'n and earth,
Who heav'n and earth did frame,
From out of Zion thee will bless,
While thou dost bless his Name.

P S A L M CXXXV.

PRAISE ye the LORD, exalt his Name,
While in his holy courts ye wait;
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

Praise ye the LORD; the LORD is good;
To praise his Name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

The LORD himself will judge his saints.
 He treats his servants as his friends ;
 And when he hears their sore complaints,
 Repents the sorrows that he sends.

Thro' ev'ry age the LORD declares
 His Name, and breaks the oppressor's rod :
 He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
 And will be known to th' Almighty God.

Bless ye the LORD, who taste his love,
 People and priests, exalt his Name :
 Amongst his saints he ever dwells,
 His church is in Jerusalem.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

CONFESS the LORD, that he is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure :
 Confess Him GOD of Gods, and say,
 His mercy ever doth endure.

Confess Him LORD of Lords ; and that
 His mercy is for ever sure :
 Who doeth wonders great alone ;
 His mercy ever doth endure.

The heav'ns He by his wisdom made ;
 His mercy is for ever sure :
 He stretch'd the earth above the sea ;
 His mercy ever doth endure.

He made great lights, the sun for day ;
 His mercy is for ever sure :
 The moon and stars, to rule the night ;
 His mercy ever doth endure.

He

He Egypt in their first-born smote ;
 His mercy is for ever sure :
 And Israel from among them brought ;
 His mercy ever doth endure.

He lov'd us in our fallen state ;
 His mercy is for ever sure :
 And hath redeem'd us from our foes ;
 His mercy ever doth endure.

He giveth life and food to all ;
 His mercy is for ever sure :
 Therefore confess Him God of heav'n ;
 Whose mercy ever doth endure.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

WHEN we, our weary'd limbs to rest,
 Sat down by proud Euphrates stream,
 We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
 And Sion was our mournful theme.

Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
 Were wont their tuneful part to bear,
 With silent strings neglected hung
 On willow trees, that wither'd there.

Mean while our foes, who all conspir'd
 To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
 Music and mirth of us requir'd :

“ Come, sing us one of Sion's songs.”

How shall we tune our voice to sing ?
 Or touch our harps with skilful hands ?
 Shall hymns of joy to God our King,
 Be sung by slaves in foreign lands ?

O Salem

O Salem ! once our happy seat,
 When I of thee forgetful prove,
 Let then my trembling hand forget
 The speaking strings with art to move.

If I to mention thee forbear,
 Eternal silence seize my tongue :
 Or if I sing one cheerful air,
 Till thy deliv'rance is my song.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
 I'll praise my Maker in my song ;

Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join in praise.

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, LORD ;
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
 Not all thy works and names below,
 So much thy pow'r and glory shew.

To GOD I cry'd when troubles rose,
 He heard me and subdu'd my foes,
 He did my rising fears control,
 And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

The GOD of heav'n maintains his state,
 Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great ;
 But from his throne descends to see
 The sons of humble poverty.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace

Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows and from sins :
 The work that Wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, LORD, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.

Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to the LORD,
 Before they're form'd within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word;
 He knows the sense I mean.

O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on ev'ry side.

So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
 Forgotten and unknown?
 In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
 In heav'n thy glorious throne.

Should I suppress my vital breath,
 To scape the wrath divine,
 Thy voice would break the bars of death,
 And make the grave resign.
 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
 I fly beyond the west,
 Thy hand, which must support my flight,
 Wou'd soon betray my rest.
 If o'er my sins I think to draw
 The curtains of the night,
 Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,
 Wou'd turn the shades to light.
 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to Thee :
 O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r,
 From which I cannot flee.

P S A L M CXL.

PRESERVE me, LORD, from crafty foes,
 Of treacherous intent ;
 And from the sons of violence,
 On open mischief bent.
 Their sland'ring tongues the serpent's sting
 In sharpness doth exceed ;
 Between their lips the gall of asps
 And adders venom breed.
 But thus encompass'd with distress,
 Thou art my God, I said :
 LORD, hear my supplicating voice,
 That calls to Thee for aid.

Permit

Permit not their unjust designs

To answer their desire ;

Lest they, encourag'd by success,

To bolder crimes aspire.

Though slander's breath may raise a storm,

It quickly will decay :

Their rage does but the torrent swell,

That bears themselves away.

GOD will assert the poor man's cause,

And speedy succour give :

Surely the just shall praise his Name,

And in his presence live.

P S A L M CXLI.

MY GOD, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, LORD,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty paths where sinners lead.

O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief,
And by my warm petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM

P S A L M CXLII.

TO GOD I made my sorrows known;
From GOD I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne,
I pour'd out all my grief.

My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My GOD, who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.

On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and strangers past me by,
Neglected or unknown.

Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near:
Thou art my portion when I die;
Be Thou my refuge here.

From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy Name;
And holy men shall join with me
Thy kindness to proclaim.

P S A L M CXLIII.

MY righteous Judge, my gracious GOD,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne;
O make thy truth and mercy known!

M

Let

Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

Look down in pity, LORD, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

I dwell in darkness, and unseen;
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.

For Thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?

My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to save before I die.

The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd pow'rs rejoice!

In Thee I trust, to Thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high;
For Thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tedious hours away.

Break off my fetters, LORD, and shew
The path in which my feet should go:
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good SPIRIT of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

Then shall my soul no more complain;
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

P S A L M CXLIV.

FOR ever blessed be the LORD,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his SPIRIT with his word,
To arm me for the field.

When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me thro' the war.

A Friend and Helper so divine,
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And His shall be the praise.

LORD, what is man ! poor sinful man !
 Born of the earth at first ;
 His life a shadow, light and vain,
 Still hast'ning to the dust.

O what is feeble, dying man,
 Or any of his race !

That God should make it his concern
 To visit him with grace !

That God, who darts his lightnings down,
 Who shakes the worlds above ;
 And mountains tremble at his frown ;
 How wond'rous is his love !

P S A L M CXLV.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
 My God, my heav'nly King !
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies ;
 Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
 And ev'ry want supplies.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On Thee for daily food ;
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.

How kind are thy compassions, LORD !
 How slow thine anger moves !
 How swiftly runs his healing word,
 To cheer the souls he loves.

Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
 But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless thy name.

P S A L M CXLVI.

PRAISE ye the LORD, my heart shall join
 In work so pleasant, so divine,
 Now while the flesh is mine abode,
 And when my soul ascends to God.

Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
 While immortality endures:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While soul, and thought and being last,
 Why should I make a man my trust?
 Princes must die and turn to dust;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God; He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;
 And none shall find his promise vain.

His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

The LORD hath eyes to give the blind;
 The LORD supports the sinking mind;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.

He loves his saints, he knows them well;
 But turns the wicked down to hell:
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
 Praise Him in everlasting strains.

P S A L M CXLVII.

PRAISE ye the LORD; 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise;
 His nature, and his works invite,
 To make this duty our delight.

He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames;
 He counts their numbers, calls their names:
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound:
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd!

Great is the LORD, and great his might,
 And all his glories infinite:
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
 And treads the wicked to the dust.

His saints are lovely in his sight;
 He views his children with delight:
 He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
 And loves and keeps his image there.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host:
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

HALLELUJAH! from the heav'n,
Praise unto the LORD be giv'n!
To the GOD supremely great,
Hallelujah in the height.

Praise Him, all ye angels, praise;
All his hosts, your voices raise:
Sun by day, and moon by night,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Heav'n of heav'ns, his awful seat,
Waters high, his praise repeat:
Let them praise thy Name, O LORD,
All created by the word.

All, establish'd by thy hand,
Ever and for ever stand;
Ne'er to pass the firm decree,
Once for all pronounc'd by Thee.

HALLELUJAH, from the earth!
All to which the sea gives birth,
All that on its surface leaps,
Praise Him, dragons, and all deeps.

Batt'ring hail, and fires that glow,
Streaming vapours, plummy snow;
Wind and storm (his wrath incur'd)
Wing'd and pointed at his word.

Praise Him hills, and mountains all,
Fruitful trees, and cedars tall;
Beasts, and cattle, creeping things,
Birds that soar on lofty wings.

Kings and nations of the earth ;
 Judges all of princely birth ;
 Youthful bands, and virgin choir,
 Lisping babe, and hoary fire,
 Saints, whom he so high doth raise,
 He is your peculiar praise :
 Near to Him, your voices join,
 Praise, O praise, the Name divine.

P S A L M CXLIX.

O Praise ye the LORD, prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great assembly to sing.
 In our great Creator let Israel rejoice,
 And children of Sion be glad in their King.
 Let them his great Name extol in the dance;
 With timbrel and harp his praises express ;
 Who always takes pleasure his saints to advance,
 And with his salvation the humble to bless.
 With glory adorn'd his people shall sing
 To GOD, who their beds with safety does shield ;
 Their mouths fill'd with praises of Him their
 great King ;
 Whilst a two-edged sword their right hand shall
 wield.
 Just vengeance to take for injuries past ;
 To punish those lands for ruin design'd ;
 With chains, as their captives, to tie their kings
 fast ;
 With fetters of iron their nobles to bind.

Thus

Thus shall they make good, when them they
destroy,

The dreadful decree which God does proclaim ;
Such honor and triumph his saints shall enjoy :
O therefore for ever exalt his great Name.

P S A L M CL.

O Praise the LORD in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows ;
Praise Him in heav'n, where He his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shews.

Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He in our behalf has done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;
Praise Him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.

Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance ;
Let instruments of various strings,
With organs join'd, his praise advance.

Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise ;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ :
Let ev'ry creature praise the LORD.

DOXOLOGIES.

NOW to the great and sacred **THREE**,
The **FATHER**, **SON**, and **SPIRIT**, be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where **GOD** is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

A N O T H E R.

TO praise the **FATHER**, and the **SON**,
And **SPIRIT**, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

A N O T H E R.

PRAISE **GOD**, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host:
Praise **FATHER**, **SON**, and **HOLY GHOST**.

A N O T H E R.

TO **FATHER**, **SON**, and **HOLY GHOST**,
One **GOD**, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

A N O T H E R.

TO **GOD**, the **FATHER**, **SON**,
And **SPIRIT**, glory be;
It was, it is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

ANOTHER.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
All praise and glory be therefore,
As in beginning was, is now,
And so shall be for evermore.

ANOTHER.

ALL glory to th' eternal THREE,
The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, be,
To God whom we adore:
That glory which thro' ages past
Unchang'd has stood, and yet shall last,
When time shall be no more.

ANOTHER.

TO th' eternal THREE be giv'n
Praise on earth, and praise in heav'n;
Such as was thro' ages past,
Is, and shall for ever last.

ANOTHER.

BY angels in heav'n, of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be addrest,
As it has been, now is, and ever shall be,
To God in three Persons, one God ever blest.

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H Y M N S

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PUBLIC WORSHIP.

H Y M N I.

THE SAVIOUR calls— let ev'ry ear
 Attend the heav'nly sound ;
 Let ev'ry trembling soul appear,
 Where faith and hope abound.
 Where grace in streams salubrious flows,
 To search the depths of sin ;
 To heal the godly mourner's woes,
 And make them pure within.
 Where JESUS, source of ev'ry good,
 Displays his wond'rous name ;
 Records the shedding of his blood,
 And bids it flow the same.
 Where the eternal SPIRIT waits
 The sons of GOD to fill,
 And teach them within Sion's gates,
 Their heav'nly FATHER's will.
 FATHER, whose bosom teem'd with grace,
 And gave thine only SON,
 To snatch from death a fallen race,
 And raise them to thy throne ;

N

The

The SPIRIT of thy SON impart;
 Inforce his gospel call:
 Be *Abba* cry'd in ev'ry heart;
 Be JESUS All in all.

H Y M N II.

THOU hidden Love of GOD, whose height,
 Depth, length and breadth, all saints admire,
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 To comprehend Thee I aspire;
 My heart is mov'd, nor can it be
 At rest, until it rests in Thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with Thee my heart to share?
 Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone
 The Lord of ev'ry motion there:
 Then shall my heart indeed be free,
 When it has found repose in Thee.

O wean me from myself, that I
 No more, but CHRIST may in me live;
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one fleshly lust survive.
 In all things may I nothing see,
 Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that waits thy call divine;
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,
 "I am the living GOD, and thine."
 To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

H Y M N III.

O Come thou wounded LAMB of God !
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood ;

Give us to know thy love, then pain

Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou shouldst man to glory bring !

Make slaves the partners of thy throne,

And give them an unfading crown !

Ah, LORD, enlarge our scanty thought,

To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;

Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell

Thy love immense unfearchable !

Expand our hearts, but let them be

For ever clos'd to all but Thee ;

Our spirits with thy SPIRIT seal,

And there thy glorious self reveal.

First born of many brethren, Thou !

To Thee both earth and heav'n must bow :

Then come, and in us solely reign ;

To live be CHRIST, to die be gain.

H Y M N IV.

AND will the LORD thus condescend

To visit sinful worms ?

Thus at the door shall mercy stand,

In all her winning forms ?

Amazing grace! and shall my heart
 Unmov'd and cold remain?
 Has this hard rock no tender part?
 Must mercy plead in vain?
 Shall JESUS for admission sue,
 His charming voice unheard?
 And this vile heart, his rightful due,
 Remain for ever barr'd?
 Satan, alas! with tyrant pow'r,
 The lodging hath possess'd;
 And legions watch, to keep the door
 Against the heav'nly guest.
 But, LORD, exert thy conqu'ring grace;
 Thy saving might display:
 One beam of glory from thy face
 Can drive my foes away.

H Y M N V.

AND is it yet, great LORD, a doubt
 If in my breast Thou reign'st alone?
 O find the lurking rival out,
 And drag the traitor from the throne.
 Would earth's delusive trifling charms
 Assume a pow'r above thy Name?
 Stab each usurper in my arms,
 And vindicate thy rightful claim.
 By purchase, duty, ev'ry tie,
 Yea, choice itself, LORD, I am thine;
 Maintain thy right, or let me die,
 Lest from thy love my soul decline.

If my unsteady heart would rove,
 (And well thou know'st its treach'rous frame)
 It ought below or ought above
 Would share or quench the sacred flame;
 Chase the curs'd object from my soul;
 Thence, thence the twining mischief tear:
 Reign, Thou, the sov'reign of the whole;
 Be Lord of ev'ry motion there.

H Y M N VI.

THOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
 My Refuge, my almighty Friend!
 And can my soul from Thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend?
 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
 A wretched wand'rer from my LORD!
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One glimpse of happiness afford?
 Eternal life thy words impart;
 On Thee my fainting spirit lives:
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the round of nature gives.
 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
 While Thou art near, in vain they call:
 One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
 Almighty Lord, outweighs them all.
 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
 To hear and mark thy words divine:
 O let me live beneath thine eye;
 For life, eternal life is thine.

H Y M N VII.

FATHER of Mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines !
 For ever be thy Name ador'd
 For these celestial lines :
 Lines, which thy shad'wy pencil drew,
 That dark deceived man
 Thine image lost again might view,
 Thy lost perfections scan.
 Here, as from salvation's well,
 The springs of comfort rise ;
 That they who've drank the depths of hell,
 Of life may draw supplies.
 Here from the all-creating LORD,
 The rich repast is giv'n ;
 JESUS, the soul's restoring word ;
 JESUS, the Bread of heav'n.
 Hungry and thirsty here repair,
 Here life and strength renew ;
 And, borne on wings of faith and pray'r,
 Your heav'nward flight pursue.

H Y M N VIII.

HOW heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 Till CHRIST, with his reviving light,
 Upon our souls arise.

Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of heav'n
 But in his righteousness array'd,
 We see our sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
 Is all the human race :
 His hands infected nature cure
 With sanctifying grace.

The pow'rs of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain :
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the cursed chain.

LORD, we adore thy ways
 To bring us near to GOD ;
 Thy sov'rn pow'r, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

H Y M N IX.

BURY'd in shadows of the night,
 We lie, till CHRIST restores the light :
 Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
 And chase the darkness of the mind.
 Lost souls are fill'd with guilt and fears,
 Till the atoning blood appears ;
 Then they are freed from deep distress,
 And sing, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

JESUS beholds where satan reigns,
 Binding his slaves with heavy chains :
 He sets the pris'ner free, and breaks
 The iron bondage from our necks.

Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
 Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness;
 Thou art our mighty All, may we
 Give our whole selves, O LORD, to Thee:

H Y M N X.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
 How blind are we! how mean our praise!
 Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?
 'Tis our's to wonder and adore.
 Thy deep decrees from creature sight
 Are hid in shades of awful night;
 Amid the lines with curious eye,
 Not angel minds presume to pry.
 Great GOD! I would not ask to see
 What in futurity shall be;
 If light and bliss attend my days,
 Then let my future hours be praise.
 Is darkness and distress my share?
 Then let me trust thy guardian care:
 Enough for me, if love divine
 At length thro' ev'ry cloud shall shine.
 Yet this my soul desires to know,
 Be this my only wish below,
 "That CHRIST is mine:"—this great request
 Grant, bounteous GOD, and I am blest.

H Y M N XI.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take ;
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

H Y M N

H Y M N XII.

THE great JEHOVAH reigns
 Upon a throne sublime,
 And from his own eternity
 Sees the wide wastes of time
 This great JEHOVAH's mine,
 The saint in rapture cries ;
 And to this everlasting Rock
 My joyful spirit flies.
 From this eternal Spring
 Immense salvation flows,
 And with the wonders of his love
 My grateful bosom glows.
 His Name shal. be my song,
 While life and breath are giv'n ;
 And his unceasing praise shall run
 Thro' all the days of heav'n.

H Y M N XIII.

REJOICE the LORD is King ;
 Your God and King adore ;
 Mortals give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.
 JESUS the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he had purg'd our stains
 He took his seat above :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail;
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n:

Lift up your hearts, Lift up your voice,
 Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

He sits at God's right hand,
 Till all his foes submit,
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet:

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

He satan shall repel,
 He sin and death destroy,
 And make our bosoms swell
 With pure seraphic joy:

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice; again I say, Rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus, the Judge shall come,
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home:

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

H Y M N XIV.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise!

Thy

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me on to man.

When worn by sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renew'd my face ;
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

Thro' all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 And, oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N XV.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
 Sing aloud in JESU's Name ;
 Ye who JESU's kindness prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

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Ye who see the FATHER's grace,
Beaming in the SAVIOUR's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls, refrain from tears;
Trembling hearts, repress your fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

Ye, who long, too long have been
Led by Satan, slaves of sin,
Now from blifs no longer rove;
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome all to JESUS CHRIST;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His insulting foes and ours;
He them from their empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither then your music bring,
Strike the lyre's harmonious string;
Men below, and hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

H Y M N XVI.

LORD, what a country, waste and wild,
Is this our earth become,
To ev'ry heav'n-instructed child,
Who seeks his FATHER's home!

O

Here

Here thorns, as on a cursed ground,
 And pois'nous thistles grow;
 And rav'ning wolves their nightly round
 With step destructive go.

Here Satan prowls his winding way,
 And watches ev'ry hour,
 As lion greedy of his prey,
 Impatient to devour.

Yet here, almighty LORD, thy hand
 Hath rais'd the heav'nly road:
 Obedient to thy great command,
 We seek thy face, O GOD.

But, oh! assist our feeble sight,
 Our languid strength renew;
 O guide and guard us day and night,
 Until Thyself we view.

There in eternal light to dwell,
 From sin and sorrow free;
 There JESU, wond'rous Name! to tell
 How much we owe to Thee.

H Y M N XVII.

WORLD, adieu, thou real cheat,
 Oft have thy deceitful charms
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
 Foolish hopes, and false alarms:
 Now I see, as clear as day,
 How thy follies pass away.

Vain thy entertaining sights,
 False thy promises renew'd;
 All the pomp of thy delights
 Does but flatter and delude:

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Thee I quit for heav'n above,
Object of the noblest love.

Farewel, honor's empty pride,
Thy own nice uncertain gulf,
If the least mischance betide,

Lays thee lower than the dust :
Worldly honors end in gall,
Rise to day, to-morrow fall.

Foolish vanity—farewel—

More inconstant than the wave ;
Where thy soothing fancies dwell,

Purest tempers they deprave :
He, to whom I fly from thee,
JESUS CHRIST shall set me free.

Let not, LORD, my wand'ring mind

Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in Thee alone I find
Solid and substantial joys ;

Joys that never overpast,
Thro' eternity shall last.

LORD, how happy is a heart,
After Thee while it aspires !

True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou shalt answer it's desires :

It shall see the glorious scene
Of thine everlasting reign.

H Y M N XVIII.

IN this world of sin and sorrow,
I Compass'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope, which may exclude despair :

Thee, triumphant GOD and SAVIOUR,
Darkly thro' a glass we see;
O assist each faint endeavour,
Raise our earth-born souls to Thee.

Place that awful scene before us :
Of the last tremendous day,
When to life Thou wilt restore us :
Ling'ring ages, haste away.
Then this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on :
Life renewing, glorious SAVIOUR,
Let thy gracious will be done.

H Y M N XIX.

HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin how deep it stains !
How Satan tries to keep our souls
In everlasting chains !
But from the mouth of sov'reign Grace
Is gone th' almighty word,
Which saith to pris'ners, " Come ye forth,
" And trust upon the LORD."
O may we hear the call divine,
And run to this relief !
We would believe thy promise, LORD ;
O help our unbelief.
To the blest fountain of thy blood
Teach us, O LORD, to fly ;
There may we wash our filthy souls,
And drink, and never die.

Stretch

Stretch out thine arm, victorious KING,
Our reigning sins subdued;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his infernal crew.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless worms,
Into thine hands we fall;
Be, Thou, our strength and righteousness,
Our JESUS, and our all.

H Y M N XX.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand thro' the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.

But when we view thy great design,
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms!

Here the whole DEITY is known:
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

Now the full glories of the LAMB
Adorn the heav'nly plains;
Bright seraphs learn IMMANUEL's Name,
And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song;
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

H Y M N XXI.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thine humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown:
 JESU, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded Love Thou art!
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver;
 Let us all thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
 Glory in thy precious love.

Finish then thy new creation;
 Pure, unspotted, may we be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd by Thee:
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN

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H Y M N XXII.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

'Tis love that makes our willing feet
In swift obedience move:
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

When join'd to that harmonious throng
That fills the choirs above,
Then shall we tune our golden harps,
And ev'ry note be love.

H Y M N XXIII.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Fill me from thy heav'nly fulness,
Brought by JESUS from above;
Raise me from my earthly dulness,
Raise me to the mount of love.

Here, upon the Rock of ages
 Fix'd, JEHOVAH's face I view;
 Here, upon inspired pages
 Feeding, I my strength renew:
 Here I'll sing, how JESUS fought me
 Wand'ring from the fold of GOD;
 Slave to sin, how JESUS bought me,
 Bought me with his precious blood,
 O to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the GOD I love—
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

H Y M N XXIV.

SON of GOD, thy blessing grant,
 Still supply my ev'ry want;
 Tree of Life, thine influence shed,
 With thy sap my spirit feed.
 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I;
 Wither without Thee and die;
 Weak as helpless infancy;
 O confirm my soul in Thee.
 Unsustain'd by Thee, I fall;
 Send the strength for which I call;
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I ev'ry moment need.

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All my hopes on Thee depend;
Love me, save me, to the end:
Give me thy continuing grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

H Y M N XXV.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw—and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

Down from his glorious seat above
On wings of wind he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead!

O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The SAVIOUR's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told,

HYMN

H Y M N XXVI.

RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune ;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace hath done.

Sing how eternal love
 Its chief beloved chose,
 And bid Him raise our wretched race
 From their abyfs of woes.

His hand no thunder bears ;
 No terror clouds his brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below ;

'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When CHRIST was sent with pardons down,
 To rebels doom'd to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears ;
 Let hopeless sorrows cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offer'd peace.

May we obey the call,
 And lay a humble claim
 To the salvation He hath brought,
 And love and praise his Name.

H Y M N XXVII.

OF Him who did salvation bring,
 LORD, may I ever think and sing!
 Arise, ye guilty, He'll forgive;
 Arise, ye needy, He'll relieve.

Eternal LORD, almighty KING,
 All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring;
 Thou conquer'st all, beneath, above,
 Devils with force, and men with love.

To purge our sins CHRIST shed his blood,
 He died to bring us near to GOD!
 Let all the world fall down, and know,
 That none but GOD such love could show.

H Y M N XXVIII.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears!

Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

Salvation! O thou bleeding LAMB,
 To Thee the praise belongs;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN

H Y M N XXIX.

THOU dear REDEEMER, dying LAMB!
 We love to hear of Thee;
 No music like thy charming Name,
 Nor half so sweet can be:
 O let us ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak;
 Let us in Thee our Priest rejoice,
 Thou great MELCHISEDEC.
 Our JESUS shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay;
 We'll sing our JESU's holy Name
 When all things else decay:
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all his favor'd throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And CHRIST shall be our song.

H Y M N XXX.

JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O receive my soul at last.
 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:

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All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All mine help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and Holy is thy Name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

H Y M N XXXI.

HOW empty was our former boast,
 Our foolishness of pride,
 When in ourselves we put our trust,
 And on our works rely'd!

Strong in the freedom of our will,
 Firm in our nature's pow'rs,
 We thought to gain the heav'nly hill,
 And seize the crown as ours.

P

Our

Our good desires, our hearts sincere,
 Our best endeavours, stood
 T' atone for our transgressions here,
 In place of JESU'S blood !

Alas for us ! we knew not then
 Nor sin, nor righteousness ;
 Nor what it cost, the souls of men
 From bondage to release.

Now we adore the FATHER'S love,
 His only SON which gave ;
 And taught by grace, we live to prove,
 That grace alone can save.

We own that JESUS bore our curse
 Himself upon the tree :

O in our hearts this truth rehearse,
 That we may live to Thee.

H Y M N XXXII.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and tear,
 I see my Maker, face to face,
 O how shall I appear !

If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought ;

When Thou, O LORD, shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear !

But Thou hast told the troubled soul,
 Who does her sins lament,
 Of One, who suffer'd unto death,
 Her sufferings to prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
 And send me speedy aid ;
 And hear my SAVIOUR's dying groans,
 These, these are all I plead.

And never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
 To make her pardon sure.

H Y M N XXXIII.

JEHOVAH-JESUS ! glorious Name !
 Name pregnant with delight !
 It scatters round a cheerful beam,
 To gild the darkest night.

What tho' our mortal comforts die,
 And droop like with'ring flow'rs ?
 Nor time nor death can break that tie,
 Which makes JEHOVAH ours.

What tho' our faith be try'd and tost,
 Tho' changeable our frame ?
 JEHOVAH JESUS is our boast,
 And JESUS is the same.

Great GOD, the cov'nant of thy love
 Abides for ever sure ;
 And in its matchless grace we prove
 Our happiness secure.

H Y M N XXXIV.

O Happy souls, that live on high,
 While men lie grov'ling here !
 Their hopes are fix'd above the sky,
 And faith forbids their fear,

Their conscience knows no secret stings,
 While grace and peace combine
 To form a life, whose holy springs
 Are hidden and divine.

Their pleasures rise from things unseen,
 Beyond this world and time ;
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
 Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

They want nor pomp nor royal throne,
 To raise their honours here ;
 Content to live and die unknown,
 Till CHRIST their life appear.

They look to heav'n's eternal height,
 And hasten to the day,
 When JESUS to their ravish'd fight
 His glory shall display.

H Y M N XXXV.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
 That seeks relief for all his woe ?
 Where shall the guilty conscience find
 Ease for the torment of the mind ?

How

How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n,
 Or form our natures fit for heav'n?
 Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin,
 Make their own pow'rs and passions clean?

In vain we search, in vain we try,
 Till Jesus brings his Gospel nigh:
 'Tis there we feel th' Almighty Breath,
 By which we pass to life from death.

'Tis there that God puts forth his pow'r,
 To save us in the evil hour;
 We read the Grace, we trust the word,
 And find salvation in the LORD.

Let worldly wisdom dig the mines,
 Where nature's golden treasure shines;
 Brought near the doctrine of the Cross,
 All nature's gold appears but dross.

Should vile blasphemers with disdain
 Pronounce the truths of JESUS vain,
 We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
 And sing and triumph in his Name.

H Y M N XXXVI.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Sion's hill?
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice,
 How glad their tidings are!
 Sion, behold thy SAVIOUR KING!
 He reigns and triumphs here.

How happy are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light !
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound !
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

The watchmen join their voice,
And sweetest notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And desarts learn the joy.

The LORD makes bare his arm
Wide through the earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their SAVIOUR and their GOD.

H Y M N XXXVII.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares ;
To sensual bliss, that charms us so,
Be dark my eyes, be deaf my ears.

Here I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruits that sinners prize ;
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care ;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare ?

Be gone for ever, mortal things ;
 Thou mighty molehill, earth, farewell !
 Angels aspire on lofty wings,
 And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

Come, Heav'n, and fill my vast desires ;
 My soul pursues the sov'reign Good ;
 She was all made of heav'nly fires,
 Nor can she live on meaner food.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

WHAT tho' my frail eyelids refuse
 Continual watchings to keep,
 And punctual as midnight renews,
 Demand the refreshment of sleep ;
 A sov'reign Protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.

From evil secure, and its dread,
 I rest, if my SAVIOUR is nigh ;
 And songs his kind presence indeed
 Shall in the night season supply :
 He smiles, and my comforts abound ;
 His grace as the dew shall descend ;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul He delights to defend.

Kind Author and Ground of my hope,
 Thee, Thee for my GOD I avow ;
 My glad *Ebenezer* set up,
 And own Thou hast help'd me till now :

I muse

I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my Defence Thou hast prov'd;
Nor wilt Thou relinquish at last
A sinner so signally lov'd.

Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign:
If thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as the moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Thy ministr'ring spirits descend,
To watch, while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:
Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,
Repair to their stations assign'd,
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.

Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervor is still on the wing,
And while they protect my repose,
They chaunt to the praise of my King:
I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore without end
Their faithful Creator and mine.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXIX.

Isai. xlix. 15.

WHEN hanging on the mother's breast,
The infant weary seeks its rest,
Or hungry claims its food ;
Can she, whom nature prompts to love,
Forgetful of her suckling prove,
And not supply her brood ?

Frail nature may her charge decline ;
But everlasting love is mine,
Saith GOD, who cannot lye ;
For ever graven on my hands,
My church in full acceptance stands,
And grows beneath mine eye.

Myself will build and guard her walls,
Myself attend to all her calls,
And all her cares remove ;
To her the hearts of kings I'll turn,
And cause the breasts of queens to burn
With all a mother's love.

Know then, that I, JEHOVAH, claim
The sov'reign glory of my Name,
And guard my firm decree ;
Nor end nor change my mercies know,
In one perpetual stream they flow
To them who wait for me.

H Y M N XL.

HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
 To rend my soul from Thee, my God?
 But everlasting is thy love,
 And JESUS seals it with his blood.

The oath and promise of the LORD,
 Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
 Eternal pow'r performs the word,
 And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

Amidst temptations sharp and long,
 My soul to this same Refuge flies;
 Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
 While tempests blow and billows rise.

The Gospel bears my spirits up;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

H Y M N XLI.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

“Worthy the LAMB that died,” they cry,
 “To be exalted thus.”
 “Worthy the LAMB,” our lips reply,
 “For He was slain for us.”

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine,
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of God, who sits upon the throne,
And his co-equal LAMB.

H Y M N XLII.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To Thee, O LORD our God, the LAMB,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy Name?

Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died,
Worthy to rise and live and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

All riches are his native right,
Yet He sustain'd amazing loss;
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

Honor immortal shall be paid,
Instead of scandal, shame, and scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
A golden crown without a thorn.

Blessings

Blessings for ever on the LAMB,
 Who bore the curse for wretched men;
 Let angels sound his sacred Name,
 And ev'ry creature say Amen.

H Y M N XLIII.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
 Of all the duties I have done;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy SON.

Now for the love I bear his Name,
 What was my gain I count my loss;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.

Yea, doubtless, and I must esteem
 All things but loss for JESU's sake;
 O may my soul be found in Him,
 And of his righteousness partake!

The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not appear before thy throne;
 But faith can answer thy demands,
 By pleading what my LORD hath done.

H Y M N XLIV.

LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
 How great our sins have been;
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.

But, O my soul, for ever praise,
 For ever love his Name,
 Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
 Of folly, sin, and shame :

Who saves us, not for righteousness,
 Nor works which we have done,
 But by his own almighty grace,
 Abounding thro' his SON.

Grace, which in copious streams is shed
 To purify the soul,
 To wash the feet, the hands, the head,
 And make intirely whole.

So chang'd from guilty to be just,
 We walk the heav'nly road,
 In hope to leave our sin and dust,
 And see the face of GOD.

H Y M N LXV.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above ;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For He hath felt the same.

He in the days of feeble flesh
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What ev'ry member bears.

He will not quench the smoaking flax,
 But raise it to a flame ;
 The bruised reed He never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble souls address
 His mercy and his pow'r ;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In the distressing hour.

H Y M N XLVI.

NOW to the pow'r of GOD supreme
 Be everlasting honors giv'n ;
 He saves from hell, (we bless his Name)
 He calls lost wand'ring souls to heav'n.

Not for our duties or deserts,
 But of his own abounding grace,
 He works salvation in our hearts,
 And forms a people for his praise.

'Twas his own purpose that begun
 To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;
 He gave us grace in CHRIST his Son,
 Before He spread the starry sky.

JESUS, the LORD, appears at last,
 And makes the FATHER's counsels known ;
 Declares the great transactions past,
 And brings immortal blessings down.

H Y M N XLVII.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro the clouds of flesh and sense,
And lives in heav'nly light.

It sets times past in present view ;
Brings distant prospects home ;
On wonders old it lives anew,
And feeds on those to come.

It sees the earth, it sees the skies,
Obedient to their LORD,
From nothing into being rise,
At his creative word.

The holy line, in sacred page
Enroll'd, and one by one
Brought unto GOD in ev'ry age,
By faith have kept their crown.

And lo ! within th' eternal gates,
Where led their deathless way,
For us the church imperfect waits,
Until the perfect day.

H Y M N XLVIII.

THE riches of thy glory, LORD,
O grant our souls to know ;
Descend, according to thy word,
And dwell with us below.

Thy SPIRIT send, and furnish strength
 Unto the inner man,
 The depth and height, and breadth and length,
 Of thy vast love to scan.
 Love passing knowledge! passing praise!
 O root and ground us here!
 And on this sure foundation raise
 A life of faith and pray'r.
 All, all our souls possess with GOD;
 With all his fulness fill;
 And fit us for thy blest abode,
 For Sion's holy hill.
 Now to the GOD, whose pow'r nor thought
 Can reach, nor prayer define,
 His glories in the church be brought
 Thro' CHRIST, in whom they shine.

H Y M N XLIX.

LORD, give me richly to enjoy
 Those blessings which can never cloy,
 But sweetly fill the heav'n-born soul,
 Diffusing peace throughout the whole.
 O may a sense of pardon rest,
 Engraven deeply on my breast,
 By that Eternal SPIRIT's aid,
 Thro' whom the off'ring once was made.
 Place me, LORD, on Calvary's brow;
 There teach my cold dead heart to glow;
 And, where thy presence it may find,
 The victim to thy altar bind.

And

And while this wilderness I pass,
 Exhibit in the faithful glass
 Thy glory, as my feeble sight
 Can bear the unapproached light.
 My years declining to their end,
 Let me to Pisgah's top ascend,
 And there, with Moses, take my stand,
 To view by faith the promis'd land.
 When I arrive at Jordan's sea,
 Still Thou my kind Conductor be ;
 Thy rod and staff its waves control,
 And all death's dreary way console.
 Till rais'd to that exalted height,
 Where JESUS with eternal light
 Encircled reigns, I live to sing
 The praises of my GOD and KING.

H Y M N L.

BRING to the LORD your noblest lays ;
 He rear'd this universal frame :
 From north to south resound his praise,
 From east to west repeat his Name.
 He form'd the sea, He form'd the earth,
 And rais'd the firmament on high ;
 To sun and moon He gave their birth,
 And wrought and nam'd the starry sky.
 Lo ! on his throne supreme and sole
 He sits, and looks upon the spheres ;
 As He ordains, the orbits roll ;
 As He appoints, revolve the years.

And so this vast machine shall move,
Till He its pow'rs and course restrain;
When, lo! high sounding from above,
He speaks it into nought again.

Yet when his voice shall raise the dead,
And fire dissolve this earthly ball,
Rejoice each saint, and lift thine head,
'Tis your REDEEMER's promis'd call.

H Y M N LI.

O For a heart and mouth to praise
JEHOVAH's only equal SON!
Awake our psalt'ry, harp, and lays,
To tell the wonders He hath done.

Sing, how He left his glorious height,
His unapproached light above;
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love!

Sing, how to this defiled earth
He came, to raise our nature high;
How to appease almighty wrath,
JESUS, the GOD, was born to die!

Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood they fiercely spilt;
His soul was bow'd unto the ground,
Bearing the weight of all our guilt.

Finish'd his work, resign'd his breath,
Seal'd in the grave his body lay,
Till, lo! He burst the bars of death,
And rose to everlasting day.

Exalt

Exalt your heads, ye sons of light,
 Exalt your hearts to grace's throne,
 Where JESUS wing'd his heav'nly flight,
 Where JESUS lives and reigns alone.

H Y M N LII.

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God,
 Our spirits bow before thy seat;
 We wait thine all commanding nod,
 And worship prostrate at thy feet.

Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
 All nature with a sov'reign word;
 And the bright world of stars obeys
 The will of their superior LORD.

Mercy and truth unite in one,
 And smiling sit at thy right hand;
 Eternal justice guards thy throne,
 And vengeance waits thy dread command.

Ten thousand thousand saints in light
 Stand round the glorious DEITY:
 But who, in most exalted height,
 Pretends comparison with Thee?

Yet there is One in human frame,
 JESUS, array'd in flesh and blood,
 Thinks it no robbery to claim
 A full equality with God!

Their glory shines with equal beams,
 Their essence is for ever one;
 Tho' they are known by diff'rent names;
 The *Father* God, and God the *Son*.

Then

Then let the Name of CHRIST our King
 With highest honors be ador'd;
 His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
 And all the nations own the LORD.

H Y M N LIII.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
 And own with humble pray'r,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we are.

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and hours increase;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.

Before us, lo! the op'ning grave;
 Behind how short a span!
 How soon—and He, who came to save,
 Appears the Judge of man.

Nearer to endless joy or woe
 We're brought by ev'ry breath,
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O LORD, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

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H Y M N LIV.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never with'ring flow'rs:
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

O raise us, LORD, where Moses stood
 The promis'd land to see;
 Nor Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
 Shall keep our hearts from Thee.

H Y M N LV.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
 And triumph in my God;
 Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
 His glorious grace abroad.

He rais'd me from the depths of sin,
 And from the gates of hell;
 He fix'd my standing more secure
 Than 'twas before I fell.

The

The arms of everlasting love
 Beneath my soul He lay;
 He set my feet upon the Rock,
 And there dispos'd my way.
 A city strong is founded there,
 And well supply'd with grace;
 Salvation its appointed walls,
 Its gates Jehovah's praise.
 Let rains descend, or floods arise,
 Or winds impetuous roar;
 Omnipotence there guards my life,
 And stills their raging pow'r.
 Awake my glory, lute and harp;
 Awake, myself, and sing,
 Loud Hallelujahs, to address
 My SAVIOUR and my KING.

H Y M N LVI.

COME all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest music bring;
 'Tis CHRIST the everlasting God,
 And CHRIST the *Man* we sing.
 Tell how he took our flesh,
 And with it all its load;
 Tell how He pour'd his soul to death,
 That we might live to God.
 Alas! what waves of grief
 Did o'er his bosom roll!
 What tempests of almighty wrath
 Were pour'd into his soul!

Whilst

Whilst the all-precious blood
 Ran from his pierced side;
 'Till, finish'd all his FATHER's work,
 He bow'd his head and died.

But lo! He leaves the grave;
 He lives no more to die;
 In heav'n of heav'ns, at God's right hand,
 He sits exalted high.

There his full glories shine
 With uncreated rays,
 The glories, which shall bless his church
 To everlasting days.

H Y M N LVII.

HARK, from the shades of night beneath!

There fallen angels stray,
 Reserv'd in everlasting chains
 To the great judgment day.

And lo! from th' height of earthly bliss
 Rebellious man is hurl'd:

But JESUS stoops beneath the grave,
 To raise our sinking world.

O love of infinite degree!

Unmeasurable grace!

Must Heav'n's eternal SON be slain,
 To save a sinful race!

Must angels under darkness lie,

And burn in quenchless fire,

While GOD forsakes his glorious throne,
 To raise the manhood high'r!

O for

O for this love let earth and heav'n
 With Hallelujahs ring,
 And the full choir of human tongues
 All Hallelujah sing!

H Y M N LVIII.

SO GOD hath lov'd a wretched world,
 A world of dying men,
 So, that He gave his only SON
 To give them life again!

Him does the word of GOD uphold
 To each believing eye,
 And gives them, thro' his precious Name,
 To live and never die.

No fiery law did JESUS bear,
 No angry FATHER's rod;
 No stern commission to perform
 The vengeance of his GOD.

His work to the obedient SON
 The loving FATHER gave,
 Not to condemn a wretched world,
 But (O what love!) to save.

O for the SPIRIT to incline
 Our hearts to take the grace,
 And give to FATHER, and to SON,
 And SPIRIT, equal praise!

H Y M N LIX.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my LORD ;
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

The volume of my FATHER's grace
Does all my grief assuage ;
Here I behold my SAVIOUR's face,
It shines in ev'ry page.

Here is the field, where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes that pearl his own.

Here flows the water to relieve
My thirst, and cleanse my sin ;
Here grows the Tree of Life, to give
Me health and strength within.

This is the judge, that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,
And keep me in the happy road
Which leads to thy right hand.

R

H Y M N

H Y M N LX.

HARK! how the hosts of heaven cry,
 When JESUS is in Bethl'hem seen,
 "Glory to GOD in th' highest high,
 "And peace on earth, and love to men."

What if we trace the globe around,
 From north to south, from east to west;
 None but the Christian scheme is found,
 Where GOD is just, and man is blest.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks
 Some solid ground to rest upon;
 With long despair the spirit breaks,
 Till we apply to CHRIST alone.

How wonderful thy truth, O LORD,
 How wise and holy thy command!
 How sure thy promises and word!
 How firm our hope and comfort stand!

Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
 Could raise such pleasure in the soul;
 Nor dares the Turkish paradise
 Pretend to *joy of glory full.**

Should all the forms, which men devise,
 Assault my faith with all their art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies,
 And bind the Gospel to my heart.

* 1 Pet. i, 3.

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H Y M N LXI.

JESUS, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 We bless thy precious Name;
 Thy great salvation we would sing,
 And spread abroad thy fame.

We hail Thee, Prophet of the LORD,
 That comes with truth and grace;
 O let thy SPIRIT and thy word
 Teach us in all thy ways.

We hail Thee, our High Priest above,
 Who once hath shed his blood;
 And lives to carry on his love,
 By pleading with our GOD.

We hail Thee, our exalted King,
 And wait for thy commands;
 To Thee our ransom'd souls we bring,
 O keep them in thy hands.

Hosanna to thy glorious Name,
 To thy all saving grace;
 O give us faith, and urge thy claim
 To our immortal praise.

H Y M N LXII.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the vail, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.

R 2

Once

Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears ;
 They wrestled once, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their vict'ry came ;
 They with united breath,

† Ascribe their conquests to the LAMB,
 Their triumph to his death.

They mark'd the footsteps which He trod ;
 His love inspir'd their breast ;
 And following th' incarnate God,
 They enter'd into rest.

Our glorious Leader let us bless
 For his own pattern giv'n,
 And for the cloud of witnesses,
 Which shew the way to heav'n.

H Y M N LXIII.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
 On which the LORD of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
 Save in the cross of CHRIST my GOD ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingling down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

H Y M N LXIV.

SEE how created nature stands
Obedient to its Maker's nod,
And in the wonders of his hands,
Holds forth to all the praise of God.

But in the grace, which saveth men,
JEHOVAH's glory chiefly shines,
Engraven by JEHOVAH's pen
In precious blood and strongest lines.

Here I am taught to read his heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join;
Piercing his SON with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where GOD the SAVIOUR lov'd and died!
Eternal life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

I would for ever speak his Name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the LAMB,
And worship at his FATHER's throne.

H Y M N LXV.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys;
 Our souls how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys!

In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

And shall we, LORD, for ever live
 At this poor dying rate;
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And thine to us so great!

Come, HOLY SPIRIT, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Come, shed abroad a SAVIOUR's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N LXVI.

O Sun of Righteousness, arise
 With healing in thy wings;
 To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
 Thy light salvation brings.

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The clouds of pride and sin dispel,
 By thine all-piercing beam ;
 Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
 With holy hope inflame.

My mind, by thine all-quick'ning pow'r,
 From low desires set free ;
 Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
 My love intire on Thee.

FATHER, thy long-lost son receive ;
 SAVIOUR, thy purchase own ;
 Blest COMFORTER, with peace and joy
 The new-made creature crown.

H Y M N LXVII.

REJOICE evermore
 With angels above
 In JESUS's pow'r,
 In JESUS's love ;
 With glad exultation
 Your triumph proclaim,
 Ascribing salvation
 To GOD and the LAMB.

Thou, LORD, our relief
 In trouble hast been ;
 Hast sav'd us from grief,
 Hast kept us from sin ;
 The pow'r of thy SPIRIT
 Hath set our hearts free,
 And now we inherit
 All fulness in Thee.

All

All fulness of peace,
 All fulness of joy,
 And spirit'al blifs,
 That never shall cloy :
 To us it is given
 In JESUS to know
 A kingdom of heaven,
 An heaven below.
 No longer we join,
 Where sinners invite,
 Nor envy the swine
 Their brutish delight ;
 Their joy is all sadness
 Their mirth is all vain,
 Their laughter is madness,
 Their pleasure is pain.
 O may they at last
 With sorrow return,
 The pleasure to taste
 For which they were born :
 Our JESUS receiving,
 Our happiness prove,
 The joy of believing,
 The heaven of love.

H Y M N LXVIII.

LORD and GOD of heav'nly pow'rs,
 Hallelujah,
 Theirs, and O benignly ours, Hallelujah,
 Glorious King let earth proclaim, Hallelujah,
 Worms attempt to chaunt thy Name, Hall.
 Bow

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Bow thine ear, in mercy bow, Hallelujah,
 Hear, the world's atonement Thou, Hallelujah,
 Jesus, in thy Name we pray, Hallelujah,
 Take, O take our sins away, Hallelujah.
 Thee to laud in songs divine, Hallelujah,
 Angels and archangels join, Hallelujah,
 We with them our voices raise, Hallelujah,
 Echoing thine eternal praise, Hallelujah.
 Holy, holy, holy LORD, Hallelujah,
 Live by heav'n and earth ador'd, Hallelujah,
 Full of Thee, they ever cry, Hallelujah,
 Glory be to GOD on high, Hallelujah.

H Y M N LXIX.

SONS of men, behold from far,
 Hail the long expected star,
 Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
 Guides bewilder'd nature right.
 Fear not, that there hence should flow
 Wars or pestilence below;
 Wars it bids and tumults cease,
 Ushering in the *Prince of Peace*.
 Mild He shines on all beneath,
 Piercing thro' the shades of death,
 Scatt'ring error's wide spread night,
 Kindling darkness into light.
 Nations all, far off and near,
 Haste to see your GOD appear;
 Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
 Meet Him manifested there,

There

There behold the day-spring rise,
 Pouring eye-sight on our eyes ;
 God in his own light survey,
 Shining to the perfect day.

Sing, ye morning stars, again,
 God descends on earth to reign !
 Deigns for man his life t' employ !
 Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

H Y M N LXX.

WHEN with my mind devoutly prest,
 Dear SAVIOUR, my revolving breast
 Would past offences trace ;
 Trembling I make the black review,
 Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
 The pow'r of changing grace.

This tongue with blasphemies defil'd,
 These feet to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heav'nly league agree :
 Who could believe such lips could praise,
 Or think my dark and winding ways
 Should ever lead to Thee !

These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,
 Now lift to Thee their wat'ry light,
 And weep a silent flood :
 These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r ;
 O wash away the stains they wear
 In pure redeeming blood !

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These ears, that pleas'd could entertain
 The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
 When round the festal board ;
 Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
 And press to hear thy word.

Thus art Thou serv'd in ev'ry part ;
 O wouldst Thou more transform my heart,
 This drossy thing refine ;
 That Grace might nature's strength controul,
 And a new creature—body—soul—
 Be, LORD, for ever thine.

H Y M N LXXI.

COME, ye that love LORD,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song of sweet accord,
 While ye surround the throne.
 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banish'd from the place ;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our pleasures less.
 Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our God ;
 But children of the heav'nly King
 Will speak their joys abroad.
 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.

The

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let your songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

H Y M N LXXII.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the LAMB;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the SAVIOUR's Name.

Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues,
Sing, till the love of sin departs
And grace inspires your songs.

Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day
In CHRIST th' eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.

HYMN

H Y M N LXXIII.

YE servants of God,
 Your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad
 His wonderful Name :
 The Name all victorious
 Of JESUS extol ;
 His kingdom is glorious,
 And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,
 Almighty to save,
 And still He is nigh,
 His presence we have ;
 The great congregation
 His triumph shall sing,
 Ascribing salvation
 To JESUS our King.

Salvation to God,
 Who sits on the throne ;
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honor the SON :
 Our JESUS's praises
 The angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces,
 And worship the LAMB.

Then let us adore,
 And give Him his right,
 All glory and pow'r,
 And wisdom and might ;

All honor and blessing
 With angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing,
 And infinite love.

H Y M N LXXIV.

ATTEND, while God's eternal Son
 Doth his own glories shew ;

“ Behold ! I sit upon my throne,

“ Creating all things new.

“ Nature and sin are past away,

“ And the old Adam dies :

“ My hands a new foundation lay ;

“ See a new world arise !”

Mighty REDEEMER, set us free

From our old state of sin ;

O make our souls alive to Thee,

Create new pow'rs within.

Renew our eyes, and form our ears,

And mould our hearts afresh ;

Give us new passions, joys, and fears,

And turn the stone to flesh.

Far from the regions of the dead,

From sin, and earth, and hell,

In the new world, which Thou hast made,

May we for ever dwell.

H Y M N LXXV.

O Happy saints, who dwell in light,
 And walk with Jesus, cloth'd in white,

Safe landed on the peaceful shore,

Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

Releas'd from sin, and toil, and strife,
 Death was their gate to endless life;
 An open'd cage, to let them fly,
 And build their happy nest on high.

And now they range the heav'nly plains,
 And sing their hymns in melting strains;
 And now their souls begin to prove
 The heights and depths of JESU'S love.

They gaze upon his beauteous face,
 His lovely mind, and charming grace,
 And gazing hard with ravish'd eyes,
 His form they catch, and taste his joys.

He cheers them with eternal smile;
 They sing Hosannas all the while;
 Or overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
 Sink down adoring at his feet.

Ah! LORD, with tardy steps I creep,
 And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
 Yet strip me of this house of clay,
 And I will sing as loud as they.

H Y M N LXXVI.

O! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain:
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallalujah!
 Hallelujah! Amen.

Ev'ry eye shall now behold Him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
 They who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierc'd, and nail'd Him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true MESSIAH see.

Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day:
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away.

Now redemption, long expected,
 See! in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Hallelujah!

See the day of God appear!

Answer thine own Bride and SPIRIT,
 Hasten, LORD, the gen'ral doom!
 The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home:
 All creation

Travails! groans! and bids Thee come,

Yea! Amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 SAVIOUR, take the pow'r and glory,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own:
 O come quickly!

Hallelujah! come, LORD, come!

H Y M N LXXVII.

HE comes ! He comes ! the Judge severe,
 The seventh trumpet speaks Him near ;
 His light'nings flash, his thunders roll :
 He's welcome to the faithful soul
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, wel-
 come to the faithful soul.

From heav'n angelic voices sound ;
 See the almighty JESUS crown'd !
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the SAVIOUR's face.
 Glory, glory, glory, glory, glory decks the
 SAVIOUR's face.

Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own,
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail Him their triumphant LORD.
 Hail Him, hail Him, hail Him, hail Him, hail
 Him their triumphant LORD.

Shout, all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the MOST HIGH :
 Our GOD, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns.
 Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and for ever reigns.

The FATHER praise, the SON adore,
 The SPIRIT bless for evermore :
 Salvation's glorious work is done !
 We welcome Thee, great THREE in ONE.
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, wel-
 come Thee, great THREE in ONE.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

HAIL, holy, holy, holy LORD!
 Be endless praise to Thee;
 Supreme essential One, ador'd,
 In coeternal Three.

Enthron'd in everlasting state,
 Ere time its round began;
 Who join'd in council to create
 The dignity of man.

Whom, in Isaiah's vision shew'd,
 The winged seraphs cry,
 While Thee, JEHOVAH, LORD, and God,
 They sing above the sky.

To Thee, by mystic pow'rs on high,
 Were humble praises giv'n,
 While John beheld with favor'd eye
 Th' inhabitants of heav'n.

All, that the name of creature owns,
 To Thee in hymns aspire;
 May we with CHRIST upon our thrones,
 For ever join the choir.

Hail, holy, holy, holy LORD!
 Be endless praise to Thee;
 Supreme essential One, ador'd,
 In coeternal Three.

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H Y M N LXXIX.

GLORY and honor be to Thee,
Thou self-existent DEITY;
Thee we revere, and Thee adore,
In mercy infinite and pow'r.

To Thee our joyful hearts we raise,
To Thee we bring our songs of praise,
Whose bounteous care and love imparts
Celestial blessings to our hearts.

Unto Thee, holy Triune God,
Who hast on us, poor worms, bestow'd
Such favor, such amazing grace,
We pay our homage, thanks and praise.

H Y M N LXXX.

COME, thou almighty KING,
Help us thy Name to sing,
—Help us to praise;

FATHER all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
ANCIENT of DAYS.

JESUS, our LORD, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made:
On Thee our souls be stay'd:
LORD, hear our call.

Come,

Come, thou incarnate WORD,
Gird on thy mighty sword ;

Our prayer attend.

Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success,
SPIRIT of holiness,

On us descend.

Come, holy COMFORTER,
Thy sacred witness bear

In this glad hour :

Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart,

SPIRIT of pow'r.

To the great ONE in THREE
Eternal praises be,

Hence evermore !

His sov'reign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity

Love and adore.

H Y M N LXXXI.

AND does my Maker condescend
To ask a worm to be his friend ?

Will GOD forgive a rebel wild,
And make the hateful wretch his child ?

O height of grace and depth of love !
Sure angels stand amaz'd above ;
Amaz'd, that GOD with man should dwell,
A slave of sin, a child of hell !

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O take this worthless heart, my GOD,
 And cleanse it in the SAVIOUR's blood;
 From earthly idols set it free,
 And keep my breast intire for Thee.

In holy silence let me wait
 A daily watchman at thy gate,
 And feel thy gracious presence near,
 And all thy loving counsels hear.

Much heart acquaintance carry on,
 Till life its hourly sands has run;
 Then call me up to see thy face,
 And sing eternal songs of grace.

H Y M N LXXXII.

LORD of the Sabbath, Thee we praise,
 In concert with the blest,
 Who joyful in harmonious lays
 Employ an endless rest.

Thus, LORD, while we remember Thee,
 We blest and holy grow;
 By hymns of praise we learn to be
 Triumphant here below.

On this glad day a brighter scene
 Of glory was display'd
 By GOD, th' eternal WORD, than when
 This universe was made.

He rises, who mankind has bought
 With grief and pain extreme:

'Twas great to speak the world from nought—
 'Twas greater to redeem!

HYMN

H Y M N LXXXIII.

TO God the only wise,
 Our SAVIOUR and our KING,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Which keep us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

He will present his saints
 Unblemish'd and compleat,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.

To our redeeming God
 Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place:

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Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove :
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
So a soul, that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our SAVIOUR will return
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be giv'n ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

H Y M N LXXXV.

BLEST be the FATHER and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.
Glory to Thee, great SON of God ;
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We

We give the HOLY SPIRIT praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, we adore;
That Sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore!

H Y M N LXXXVI.

BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN

H Y M N LXXXVII.

OUR Shepherd alone,
The LORD let us bless,
Who reigns on the throne
The Prince of our peace ;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood !
All hail, holy JESUS,
Our LORD and our GOD.

We daily will sing
Thy merits, thy praise,
Thou merciful Spring
Of pity and grace ;
Thy kindness for ever
To men we will tell,
And say, Our dear SAVIOUR
Redeem'd us from hell.

Preserve us in love,
While here we abide ;
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation,
Till joyful we see
The beautiful vision
Completed in Thee.

T

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

THE LORD of earth and sky,
 The GOD of ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days ;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.

Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground ;
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found :
 Yet did He us in mercy spare
 Another and another year.

When justice drew the sword
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our LORD
 Cry'd " Let it still alone :"
 The FATHER mild inclin'd his ear,
 And spar'd us yet another year.

JESUS, thy speaking blood
 From GOD obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space :
 Thou didst on our behalf appear,
 And, lo ! we see another year.

Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound :
 O let us all thy praise declare.
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

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H Y M N LXXXIX.

HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praise,
Thy goodness and pow'r,
Thou GOD of all grace !
With honor and blessing
Before Thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing
Thee FATHER of all.
The heavens and earth,
The water and air,
To Thee owe their birth,
Subsist by thy care :
Whilst angels are singing
Thy praises above,
We mortals are bringing
Our tribute of love.
Thou, SAVIOUR, art one
With God the supreme,
His eternal son,
And equal with Him ;
Invested with glory,
On high dost Thou sit,
While angels adore Thee,
And bow at thy feet.
How great was thy love !
How wond'rous thy grace !
Thou cam'st from above
To save a lost race :

T 2

To

And, man to deliver,
 Of woman wast born,
 That ev'ry believer
 To GOD might return.
 How soon will thy feat
 Of judgment appear !
 Prepare us to meet,
 And welcome Thee there :

Thy witnessing SPIRIT
 In us shed abroad,
 And bid us inherit
 The kingdom of GOD.

H Y M N XC.

NOT all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

But CHRIST, the heav'nly LAMB,
 Takes all our sins away :

A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay its hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
 The burdens Thou didst bear,
 When hanging on th' accursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.

H Y M N

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JESUS,

Esaias,

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H Y M N XCI.

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,
 Thou only holy, only just,
 O tune our souls to praise thy Name,
 JESUS, unchangeable, the same.

Esaias, once thy glory seen *,
 "Woe me," he cry'd, "for I'm unclean:"
 And how shall sinful dust draw nigh
 The great, the awful DEITY!

But lo! descending from above,
 The *seraph* burns with pard'ning love;
 Alive from th' Altar brings the coal,
 And makes the trembling sinner whole.

Glory to Thee, auspicious LAMB!
 Thou holy LORD, Thou great I AM!
 With all our pow'r thy grace we bless,
 Our joy, our peace, our righteousness.

Live, ever glorious JESUS live!
 Worthy all blessings to receive;
 Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
 With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet.

* *Isaiah* vi. compared with *John* xii., 245

H Y M N XCII.

HAIL, Thou once despised JESUS;
 Hail Thou Galilean King!
 Who didst suffer to release us,
 Who didst free salvation bring:
 Hail, Thou glorious GOD and SAVIOUR,
 Who hast borne our sin and shame;
 By whose merits we find favour;
 Life is given thro' thy name!
 Paschal LAMB by GOD appointed,
 All our sins were on Thee laid;
 By almighty love appointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made:
 Ev'ry sin may be forgiv'n
 Thro' the virtue of thy blood;
 Open'd is the gate of heav'n,
 Peace is made 'twixt man and GOD.
 JESUS, hail! enthron'd in glory,
 There for ever to abide;
 All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee,
 Seated at thy FATHER's side;
 There for sinners Thou art pleading,
 "Spare them yet another year:"
 Thou for saints art interceding
 Till in glory they appear.
 Worship, honor, pow'r and blessing,
 CHRIST is worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

Help

Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our JESU's merits,
 Help to chaunt IMMANUEL's praise.

H Y M N XCIII.

COME, let us all unite to praise
 The SAVIOUR of mankind;
 Our thankful hearts, in solemn lays
 Be with our voices join'd.

But how shall dust his worth declare,
 Which angels cannot scan?
 The highest name, that's nam'd, is far
 Beneath the Son of Man!

Yet, LORD, we cannot silent be;
 By love we are constrain'd
 To offer our best thanks to Thee,
 Our SAVIOUR and our Friend.

Should we, through fear or shame, refrain,
 The very stones would sing,
 And tell the universal reign
 Of our immortal King.

Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness shew,
 And spread abroad thy fame;
 Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
 And bless thy wond'rous Name.

Worship and honor, thanks and love,
 Be to our JESUS giv'n,
 By men below—by hosts above,
 By all in earth and heav'n.

H Y M N XCIV.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For Him who groan'd beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of precious blood!
 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise;)
 Angelic legions guard Him home,
 And shout Him welcome to the skies.
 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great deliverer reigns;
 Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, Death, in chains!
 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!"
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
 "And where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

H Y M N XCV.

AH! lovely appearance of death,
 No sight upon earth is so fair;
 Not all the gay peageants that breathe,
 Can with this dead body compare:

With

With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our *brother*, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind !
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relicts with envy I see ;
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain ;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex them again :
No anger henceforward or shame
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er :
This quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more :
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

The

The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The fountains can yield no supplies,
 These hollows from water are free ;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death :
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 I wait the good time to become,
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

H Y M N XCVI.

JESU, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, and glorious dress ;
 Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 ' JESUS has liv'd and dy'd for me.'

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
 Completely cloth'd by CHRIST alone,
 And all my filthy garments gone.

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This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue ;
The grace of CHRIST is ever new.
O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
JESUS the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

H Y M N XCVII.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
JESUS CHRIST, our joy and peace ;
Let our praise to Him be giv'n,
High at GOD's right hand in heav'n.
Master, see, to Thee we bow,
Thou art LORD, and only Thou ;
Thou the blessed virgin's seed,
Glory of thy church and Head.
Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King :
Worthy is thy Name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation, by Thee wrought,
Wrought for all thy church ; and we
Worship in their company.
We, thy little flock, adore,
Thee, the LORD, for evermore ;
Ever with us shew thy love,
Till we join with those above.

H Y M N

H Y M N XCVIII.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
 Comforting thy saints below,
 Hear us, who thy nature share,
 Who thy mystic body are :
 Join us, in one SPIRIT join ;
 Let us all receive of thine ;
 Still for more on Thee we call,
 Thee, who fillest all in all.

Move, and actuate, and guide ;
 Divers gifts to each divide ;
 Plac'd according to thy will,
 Let us all our works fulfil :
 Never from our office move ;
 Helpful to each other prove ;
 Use the grace on each bestow'd,
 Temper'd by the blessed God.

Many are we now, and one,
 We who JESUS have put on :
 There is neither bond nor free,
 Male or female, LORD, in Thee :
 Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,
 Render'd all distinctions void ;
 Names, and sects, and parties fall,
 JESUS CHRIST is ALL in ALL.

H Y M N XCIX.

O GOD, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil, like early dew.

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Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs,

LORD, may we yield to thy command,
And consecrate to Thee our days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

H Y M N C.

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE!

As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
Glorious LORD of earth and heav'n.

If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All mine actions sanctify,
All my thoughts and words receive:
Claim me for thy service—claim
All I have, and all I am.

Take my soul and body's pow'rs;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all mine hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, and speak, and do:
Take my heart—but make it new.

U

FATHER,

FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE!
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done:
 Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
 Glorious LORD of earth and heav'n.

H Y M N C I.

For CHRISTMAS-DAY.

HARK! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
 God and sinners reconcil'd.
 Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies;
 With th' angelic host proclaim,
 CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.
 CHRIST, by highest heav'n ador'd;
 CHRIST, the everlasting LORD;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of the virgin's womb!
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
 Hail the incarnate DEITY!
 Pleas'd as man with men t' appear;
 JESUS, our IMMANUEL, here.
 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.

Mild

Mild He lays his glory by,
 Born that men no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conqu'ring Seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstate us in thy love.

H Y M N CII.

ANOTHER.

COME, thou long-expected JESUS,

Born to set thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us ;

Let us find our rest in Thee :
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art,
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry faithful heart.

Born thy people to deliver ;
 Born a child, and yet a King ;
 Born to reign in us for ever ;

Now thy gracious kingdom bring :
 By thine own Eternal SPIRIT,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

H Y M N CIII.

ANOTHER.

LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
 Salute the happy morn;
 Each heavenly pow'r
 Proclaims the glad hour,
 Lo! JESUS, the SAVIOUR, is born.
 All glory be to GOD on high,
 To Him all praise is due;
 The promise is seal'd,
 The SAVIOUR's reveal'd,
 And proves that the record is true.
 Let joy around like rivers flow,
 Flow on, and still increase;
 Spread o'er the glad earth,
 At JESUS's birth;
 For heaven and earth are at peace.
 Now the good will of Heav'n is shewn
 Tow'rd's Adam's helpless race;
 MESSIAH is come
 To ransom his own,
 To save them by infinite grace!
 Then let us join the heav'ns above,
 Where saints and angels sing;
 Join all the glad pow'rs,
 For their LORD and ours,
 Our *Prophet*, our *Priest*, and our *King*.

HYMN

H Y M N CIV.

For GOOD FRIDAY.

WHO hath our report believed?
 SHILOH come is not received,
 Not received by his own!

Promis'd Branch from root of *Jesse*,
David's Offspring, sent to bless ye,
 Comes too meekly to be known!

Say, thou highly-favor'd nation,
 What was thy fond expectation?
 Some fair spreading lofty tree?
 Let not worldly pride confound thee;
 'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
 Mark the lowest—that is He!

Like a tender plant that's growing,
 Where no waters, friendly flowing,
 No kind rains refresh the ground;
 Drooping, dying, we shall view Him;
 See no charm to draw us to Him;
 There no beauty will be found.

Lo! MESSIAH, unexpected!
Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected!

Wounds his form disfiguring:
 Marr'd his visage more than any,
 For He bears the sins of many,
 All our sorrows carrying!

No deceit his mouth had spoken;
 Blameless he no law had broken;
 Yet was number'd with the worst!

For, because the LORD would grieve Him,
 We, who saw it, did believe Him,
 For his own offences curst.

But while Him our thoughts accused,
He for us alone was bruised,

Stricken, smitten, for our guilt :
With his stripes our wounds are cured,
By his pains our peace assured,
Purchas'd with the blood He spilt.

Love amazing ! so to mind us ;
Shepherd come from heav'n to find us,
Silly sheep, all gone astray :
Lost, undone, by our transgressions ;
Worse than stripp'd of all possessions ;
Debtors, without hope to pay.

Fear our portion, slaves in spirit,
He redeem'd us, by his merit,

To a glorious liberty :
Dearly first his goodness bought us ;
Truth and love then sweetly taught us :
Truth and love have made us free.

Blessed be the GOD who gave us,
Freely gave his SON to save us :
Bless'd the SON who freely came :
Honor, blessing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
Be to GOD, and to the LAMB.

H Y M N CV.

A N O T H E R.

'TIS done ! th' atoning work is done !
JESUS the great REDEEMER dies !
All nature feels th' important groan,
Loud echoing thro' the earth and skies :
The earth does to her center shake,
And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black.

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The temple's vail is rent in twain,
 While JESUS meekly bows his head;
 The rocks resent his mortal pain,
 The yawning graves give up their dead:
 The bodies of the saints arise,
 Reviving as their SAVIOUR dies.

And shall not we his death partake,
 In sympathetic anguish groan?
 O SAVIOUR, let thy passion shake
 Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone:
 To second life our souls restore,
 And wake us, that we sleep no more.

H Y M N CVI.

For E A S T E R - D A Y.

CHRIST the LORD is ris'n to day,
 Sons of men, and angels, say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
 Love's redeeming work is done;
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! the Sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 CHRIST has burst the gates of hell:
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King;
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Once He died our souls to save;
 Where thy victory, O grave?

Soar

Soar we now where CHRIST has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parent's fall,
Second life we all receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

Hail the LORD of earth and heav'n!
Praise to Thee by both be giv'n;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail! the RESURRECTION—THOU.

H Y M N CVII.

A N O T H E R,

THE *Sun of Righteousness* appears,
To set in blood no more:
The Light, who scatters all your fears:
Your rising GOD adore!

The saints, when He resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

Alone the dreadful race He ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He groans—He dies—behold the *Man*!
He lives—behold the GOD!

In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To Him, who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens Paradise.

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H Y M N CVIII.

A S C E N S I O N.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !

CHRIST awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n :

There the holy triumph waits ;

" Lift your heads, eternal gates ;

" Wide unfold the radiant scene,

" Take the King of Glory in !"

Him, tho' highest heav'n receives,

Still He loves the earth He leaves ;

Tho' returned to his throne,

He can ne'er forget his own :

Still for them He intercedes ;

His all-atoning death He pleads ;

Next Himself prepares their place,

SAVIOUR of the ransom'd race.

Master, (may we ever say)

Taken from our head to day,

See, thy faithful servants see, !

Ever gazing up to Thee :

Grant, tho' parted from our sight,

High above yon azure height,

Grant our hearts may thither rise,

Following Thee beyond the skies.

Ever upwards may we move,

Wafted on the wings of love ;

Looking when our **LORD** shall come,

Longing, gasping after home !

There

There may we with Thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see;
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in Thee.

H Y M N CIX.

A N O T H E R.

OUR LORD is risen from the dead,
Our JESUS is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' etherial scene;
He claims these mansions as his right:
Receive the King of glory in.

“Who is the King of glory, who?”
The LORD, who all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell, o'erthrew;
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

“Who is the King of glory, who?”
The LORD, of glorious pow'r possesst;
The King of saints, and angels too;
God over all, for ever blest.

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H Y M N CX.

W H I T - S U N D A Y .

JESU, we hang upon the word,
The parting word we heard from Thee;
Be mindful of thy promise, LORD,
Thy promise made to all, and me;
To all who thy commands pursue,
And dare believe that GOD is true.

Thou saidst, " I will the FATHER pray,
" And He the COMFORTER shall give;
" Shall give Him in your hearts to stay,
" And never more his temples leave :
" Myself will to my orphans come,
" And make you mine eternal home."

Come then, LORD, come ! Thyself reveal,
And let thy promise now take place ;
Be it according to thy will,
According to the word of grace :
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the COMFORTER.

This earnest of thy glory give.
And so thy purchas'd people keep ;
And so from day to day revive
Thy helpless, wand'ring, dying sheep ;
Till thou from dust their bodies raise
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

HYMN

H Y M N CXI.

A N O T H E R.

Extracted from the Ordination Service.

COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire;
 Thou the anointing SPIRIT art,
 Who dost thy sev'n-fold gifts impart:
 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight;
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face,
 With the abundance of thy grace:
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
 Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
 Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
 And Thee, of both, to be but ONE;
 That thro' the ages all along,
 This, this may be our endless song:
 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host:
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

H Y M N CXII.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Life and Light, thyself revealing,
 O disperse the clouds beneath!

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The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise !
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
 Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

Still we wait for thine appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Ev'ry poor benighted heart :
 Come, and manifest the favor
 God hath for the ransom'd race ;
 Come, Thou gracious GOD and SAVIOUR,
 Come and bring the gospel-grace.

Save us, in thy great compassion,
 O Thou mild pacific Prince ;
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins :
 By thine all restoring merit,
 Ev'ry burden'd soul release ;
 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit,
 Guide into thy perfect peace.

H Y M N CXIII.

JESUS, shew us thy salvation,
 Fresh baptize us into Thee :
 By thy mystic incarnation,
 By thy pure nativity,
 Save us, Thou, our new Creator ;
 Into all our souls impart
 Thy divine and holy nature,
 Form Thyself within our heart.

By thy wond'rous cross and passion,
 By thy suff'rings on the tree,
 Save us from the indignation,
 Due to all mankind from Thee:
 Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
 Gasping out thy latest breath;
 By thy precious death's applying,
 Save us from eternal death.

By thy rising and ascending,
 Live we here to heav'n restor'd;
 Ever at thy footstool bending,
 Ever happy in our LORD:
 Keep us by thy intercession,
 Till we see thy face above,
 Where of life the full possession
 Fills the soul with perfect love.

H Y M N CXIV.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
 Fear shall in me no more take place:
 My SAVIOUR doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face:
 But shall I therefore let Him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield;
 No—in the strength of JESUS—no,
 I never will give up my shield.

Altho' the vine its fruit deny,
 Altho' the olive yield no oil;
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The field elude the tiller's toil;

The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet will I triumph in the LORD,
The GOD of my salvation praise.

Barren altho' my soul remain,
And no one bud of grace appear;
No fruit of all my toil and pain;
But sin, and only sin is here;
Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my SAVIOUR trust.
And glory that He died for me.

In hope believing against hope,
JESUS my LORD and GOD I claim;
JESUS, my strength, shall lift me up;
Salvation is in JESU'S Name:
To me He soon shall bring it nigh;
My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

H Y M N CXV.

WHAT shall we render unto Thee,
Thou glorious LORD of life and pow'r?
Teach us to bow the humble knee,
Teach us with thankfulness t' adore;
To praise Thee as thy saints above,
To praise Thee for thy wond'rous love.

When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,
 And left the watchful Shepherd's eye;
 When borne along th' impetuous tide
 Of this world's sin and vanity;
 Our JESUS from the heav'ns came down,
 To save us by his grace alone.

He bore our sins upon the tree,
 (To seek and save the lost He came)
 There was He bound to set us free
 From death and everlasting shame;
 The captive flock from hell was freed,
 And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

Before the FATHER's awful throne,
 Our merciful High Priest He stands,
 And interceding for his own,
 The purchas'd remnant now demands;
 His people's everlasting Friend,
 Who, loving—loves them to the end.

May we, his banish'd ones, rejoice
 Him for our LORD and GOD to own;
 To take Him as our only choice.
 And cleave in love to Him alone:
 Be growing up in holiness,
 Then meet Him in the realms of peace.

Then shall our grateful songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be wip'd away!
 No sin, no sorrow shall be found,
 No night o'ercloud the endless day.
 O praise Him! all beneath, above;
 O praise Him! praise the God of love!

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H Y M N CXVI.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis JESUS, the First, and the Last;
Whose SPIRIT shall guide us safe home:
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

H Y M N CXVII.

OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the LAMB.

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the LORD?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of JESUS, and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

Return, O HOLY DOVE, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road,
 That leads me to the LAMB.

H Y M N CXVIII.

THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The Scripture assures us, The LORD will provide.

The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
 His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be deny'd,
 So long as it's written, The LORD will provide.

We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost:
 Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 The promise engages the LORD will provide.

His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
 For tho' we are strangers, we have a good Guide,
 And trust in all dangers, The LORD will provide.

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears, we triumph in faith;
 He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has try'd.
 This heart-cheering promise, The LORD will
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He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our spirits have ply'd
This answers all questions, The LORD will provide.

No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the SAVIOUR's great
Name,

In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The LORD is our power, the LORD will provide.

When life sinks apace, and death is in view.
This word of his grace shall comfort us thro':
No fearing or doubting with CHRIST on our side,
We hope to die shouting, The LORD will provide.

H Y M N CXIX.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till CHRIST we know,
Is vanity and toil.

But where the LORD has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

A bleeding SAVIOUR, seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Gives joys like those above.

To

To take a glimpse within the vail,
 To know that God is mine,
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakably divine !

These are the joys which satisfy
 And sanctify the mind ;
 Which make the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.

No more, believers, mourn your lot,
 But if you are the LORD'S,
 Resign to them that know Him not
 Such joys as earth affords.

H Y M N CXX.

SAVIOUR, shine, and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive ;
 Make my wounded spirit whole ;
 Far away the tempter drive ;
 Speak the word and set me free,
 Let me live alone to Thee.

Shall I sigh and pray in vain ?
 Wilt Thou still refuse to hear ?
 Wilt Thou not return again ?
 Must I yield to black despair ?
 Thou hast taught my heart to pray,
 Canst Thou turn thy face away ?
 Once I thought my mountain strong,
 Firmly fixt no more to move ;
 Then thy grace was all my song,
 Then my soul was fill'd with love :
 Those were happy golden days,
 Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

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When my friends have said, " Beware,
" Soon or late you'll find a change;
I could see no cause for fear;
Vain their caution seem'd and strange:
Not a cloud obscur'd my sky;
Could I think a tempest nigh?

Little then my self I knew;
Little thought of Satan's pow'r:
Now I find their words were true;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has chang'd my day to night.

Satan asks, and mocks my woe.
" Boaster, where is now your GOD?
Silence, LORD, this cruel foe,
Let him know I'm bought with blood:
Tell him, since I know thy Name,
Tho' I change, Thou art the same.

H Y M N CXXI.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from IMMANUEL's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying LAMB, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

LORD, I believe Thou hast prepar'd
 (Unworthy tho' I be)
 For me a blood-bought free reward,
 A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
 And form'd by pow'r divine,
 To sound, in GOD the FATHER's ears,
 No other Name but Thine.

H Y M N CXXII.

THE book of nature open lies,
 With much instruction stor'd;
 But till the LORD anoints our eyes,
 We cannot read a word.

Philosophers have por'd in vain,
 And guess'd, from age to age;
 For reason's eye could ne'er attain
 To understand a page.

Tho' to each star they give a name,
 It's size and motions teach;
 The truths which all the stars proclaim,
 Their wisdom cannot reach.

With

With skill to measure earth and sea,
And weigh the subtle air,
They cannot, LORD, discover Thee,
Tho' present ev'ry where.

The knowledge of the saints excels
The wisdom of the schools ;
To them his secrets GOD reveals,
Tho' men account them fools.

To them the sun and stars on high,
The flow'rs that paint the field,
And all the artless birds that fly,
Divine instruction yield.

The creatures on their senses press,
As witnesses to prove
Their SAVIOUR's pow'r and faithfulness,
His providence and love.

Thus may we study nature's book,
To make us wise indeed !
And pity those who only look
At what they cannot read.

H Y M N CXXIII.

SEE the world for youth prepares,
Harlot like, her guady snares !
Pleasures round her seem to wait,
But 'tis all a painted cheat.

Rash and unsuspecting youth
Thinks to find thee always smooth,
Always kind, till better taught
By experience dearly bought.

So

So the calm, but faithless sea,
 (Lively emblem, world, of thee)
 Tempts the shepherd from the shore
 Foreign regions to explore.

While no wrinkled wave is seen,
 While the sky remains serene,
 Fill'd with hopes, and golden schemes,
 Of a storm he little dreams.

But ere long the tempest raves ;
 Then he trembles at the waves ;
 Wishes then he had been wise,
 But too late—he sinks and dies.

Hapless thus are they, vain world,
 Soon on rocks of ruin hurl'd,
 Who admiring thee, untry'd,
 Court thy pleasure, wealth, or pride.

Such a shipwreck had been mine,
 Had not JESUS (NAME DIVINE!)
 Sav'd me with a mighty hand,
 And restor'd my soul to land.

Now with gratitude I raise
Ebenezers to his praise ;
 Now my rash pursuits are o'er ;
 I can trust thee, world, no more.

H Y M N CXXIV.

'TIS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the SAVIOUR's pow'r to know,
 Sanctifying ev'ry loss :

Trials

Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see,
 Love inscrib'd upon them all !
 This is happiness to me.

God, in Israel, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
 These spring up, and choke the weeds,
 Which would else o'erspread the soil :
 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way,
 Might I not with reason fear
 I should prove a cast-away ?
 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not ; would not, if he might.

H Y M N CXXV.

I Ask'd the LORD that I might grow
 In faith, in love, and ev'ry grace ;
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek more earnestly his face.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
 And He, I trust, has answer'd pray'r ;
 But it has been in such a way
 As almost drove me to despair.

Y

I hop'd

I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once He'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.

Yea, more; with His own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

LORD, why is this? I trembling cry'd;
Wilt Thou pursue thy worm to death?

" 'Tis in this way," the LORD reply'd,
" I answer pray'r for grace and faith.

" These inward trials I employ

" From self and pride to set thee free;

" And break thy schemes of earthly joy,

" That thou may'st find thy all in Me."

H Y M N CXXVI.

HOW blest thy creature is, O God,
When with a single eye
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!

Thro' all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes
With healing on his wings.

Struck

Struck by that light, the human heart,
 A barren soil no more,
 Sends the sweet-smell of grace abroad,
 Where serpents lurk'd before.

The soul, a dreary province once
 Of Satan's dark domain,
 Feels a new empire form'd within,
 And own's a heav'nly reign.

The glorious orb, whose golden beams
 The fruitful year controul,
 Since first, obedient to thy word,
 He started from the gaol,

Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
 His orient rays impart:
 But JESUS, 'tis thy light alone
 Can shine upon the heart.

H Y M N CXXVII.

LORD, my soul with pleasure springs,
 When JESUS' name I hear;
 And when GOD the SPIRIT brings
 The word of promise near:
 Beauties too, in holiness,
 Still delighted I perceive;
 Nor have words that can express
 The joys thy precepts give.
 Cloth'd in sanctity and grace,
 How sweet it is to see
 Those who love Thee, as they pass,
 Or when they wait on Thee:

Pleasant too, to sit and tell
 What we owe to Love divine,
 Till our grateful bosoms swell,
 And eyes begin to shine.

These the comforts I possess,
 Which God shall still increase;
 All his paths are pleasantness,
 And all his ways are peace.
 Nothing JESUS did or spoke,
 Henceforth let me ever flight;
 For I love his easy yoke,
 And find his burden light.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

HAIL, sov'reign Love ! that first began
 The scheme to rescue fallen man :
 Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul an hiding-place.
 Against the God who rules the sky,
 I fought with hand uplifted high ;
 Despis'd the mention of his grace ;
 Too proud to seek an hiding-place.
 Enwapt in thick Egyptian night,
 And fond of darkness more than light,
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Secure, without an hiding-place.
 But thus th' eternal council ran,
 " Almighty Love, arrest that man :"
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding place.

Indignant

Indignant justice stood in view ;
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
 But justice cry'd, with frowning face,
 " This mountain is no hiding-place."

Ere long an heav'nly voice I heard,
 And Mercy's angel-form appear'd ;
 She led me on, with placid grace,
 'T'o JESUS as my hiding place.

Should storms of sev'nfold thunder roll,
 And shake the globe from pole to pole,
 No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
 For JESUS is my hiding-place.

On Him almighty vengeance tell,
 That must have sunk a world to hell ;
 He bare it for the chosen race,
 And thus became their hiding-place.

A few more rolling suns, at most,
 Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
 Where I shall sing the song of grace,
 And see my glorious hiding-place."

H Y M N CXXIX.

YE dying sons of men,
 Immers'd in sin and woe,
 The Gospel's voice attend,
 While JESUS sends to you :
 Ye perishing and guilty come,
 In JESUS' heart there yet is room.

Y 3

No

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 What we owe to Love divine,
 Till our grateful bosoms swell,
 And eyes begin to shine.

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YE dying sons of men,
 Immers'd in sin and woe,
 The Gospel's voice attend,
 While Jesus sends to you :
 Ye perishing and guilty come,
 In Jesus' heart there yet is room.

No longer now delay,
 Nor vain excuses frame;
 He bids you come to day,
 Tho' poor, and blind, and lame :
 All things are ready, sinner, come,
 For trembling souls there yet is room.

Believe the heav'nly word
 His messengers proclaim ;
 He is a gracious LORD,
 And faithful is his name :
 Backsliding souls, return and come,
 Cast off despair, there yet is room.

Compell'd by bleeding Love,
 Ye wand'ring sheep draw near ;
 CHRIST calls you from above ;
 His charming accents hear !
 " Let whosoever will now come,
 " In Mercy's breast there yet is room."

H Y M N CXXX.

JESU, my SAVIOUR, in thy face
 The essence lives of ev'ry grace ;
 All things beside which charm the sight,
 Are shadows tipt with glow-worm light.

Thy beauty, LORD, th' enraptur'd eye
 Which fully views it, first must die :
 Then let me die, thro' death to know
 That joy I seek in vain below.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXXXI.

JESU, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep :
For Thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heav'n with Thee and thine.

What tho' the seas are broad,
What tho' the waves are strong,
What tho' tempestuous winds
Distress me all along ;
Yet what are seas, or stormy winds,
Compar'd to CHRIST, the sinner's friend ?

CHRIST is my Pilot wise ;
My compass is his word :
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a LORD !
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r
To save me in the trying hour.
Tho' rocks and quicksands deep
Thro' all my passage lie,
Yet CHRIST shall safely keep,
And guide me with his eye :
How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up ?

By *faith* I see the land,
The hav'n of endless rest :
My soul, thy wings expand,
And fly to JESU's breast !
O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and seas distress no more.

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
 And all my storms subside,
 Then to my succour fly,
 And keep me near thy side ;
 For more the treach'rous calm I dread
 Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

Come heav'nly wind and blow
 A prosp'rous gale of grace,
 To waft from all below
 To heav'n, my destin'd place ;
 Then in full sail my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

H Y M N CXXXII.

JESU, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wand'ring sheep ;
 False to Thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep.
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all long-suff'ring shewn ;
 Turn and look upon me LORD,
 And break my heart of stone.

SAVIOUR, Prince enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble contrite heart :
 Give me, what I've long implor'd,
 A portion of thy grief unknown ;
 Turn and look, &c.

See me, SAVIOUR, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die ;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Drop from thy gracious eye :
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down ;
 Turn and look, &c.

Look as when thy grace beheld
 The harlot in distress ;
 Dry'd her tears, her pardon seal'd,
 And bid her go in peace :
 Foul like her, and self abhorr'd,
 I at thy feet for mercy groan ;
 Turn and look, &c.

Look as when condemn'd for them,
 Thou didst thy follow'rs see ;
 " Daughters of Jerusalem,
 " Weep for yourselves, not Me."
 Am I by my GOD deplor'd,
 And shall I not myself bemoan ?
 Turn and look, &c.

Look as when thy piteous eye
 Was clos'd, that we might live ;
 " FATHER, (at the point to die,
 " My SAVIOUR gasp'd) forgive."
 Surely with that dying word
 He turns, and looks, and cries—" 'Tis done :"
 O my dying, gracious LORD,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

H Y M N

H Y M N CXXXIII.

PRAISE the LORD who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below :

Praise the holy GOD of love,

And all his greatness shew :

Praise Him for his noble deeds,

Praise Him for his matchless pow'r ;

Him from whom all good proceeds,

Let earth and heav'n adore.

Publish, spread to all around,

The great IMMANUEL's Name ;

Let the trumpet's martial sound

Him LORD of hosts proclaim :

Praise Him ev'ry tuneful string,

All the reach of heav'nly art ;

All the pow'rs of music bring,

The music of the *heart*.

Him in whom we move and live,

Let ev'ry creature sing ;

Glory to their Maker give,

And homage to their King :

Hallow'd be his name beneath ;

As in heav'n, on earth ador'd ;

Praise the LORD in ev'ry breath :

Let all things praise the LORD.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

THE GOD of Abr'am praise,
Who reign's enthron'd above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.

JEHOVAH, great I AM!
By earth and heav'n confest:
I bow and blest the sacred Name
For ever blest.

The GOD of Ab'ram praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

The GOD of Abr'am praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways.
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls Himself my GOD!
And He shall save me to the end
Thro' JESU's blood.

He by Himself has sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his gace
For evermore.

H Y M N CXXXV.

A Debtor to mercy alone,
 Of covenant-mercy I sing;
 Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
 My person and off'ring to bring.
 The terrors of law and of GOD
 With me can have nothing to do;
 My SAVIOUR's obedience and blood
 Hide all my transgressions from view.
 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will compleat;
 His promise is yea and amen,
 And never was forfeited yet.
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Nor all things below or above,
 Can make Him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.
 My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase:
 Imprest on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace.
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is giv'n:—
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

O JESU our LORD,
 Thy Name be ador'd
 For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy
 word.

In

In spirit we trace
 Thy wonders of grace,
 And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

The trumpet of God
 Is sounding abroad
 The language of Mercy—Salvation thro' blood.

Thrice happy are they
 Who hear and obey,
 And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

The people who know
 The SAVIOUR below,
 With burning affection to worship Him glow.

The people are blest
 Who lean on his breast,
 And have a rich foretaste of his promis'd rest.

This blessing be mine
 Thro' favor divine;
 But O my REDEEMER, the glory is thine.

The work is of grace;
 Thine, thine be the praise!
 And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy ways.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

BELOVED SAVIOUR, faithful Friend,
 The joy of all thy cross's train,
 In mercy to our aid descend,
 Or else we worship Thee in vain.

In vain we meet to sing and pray,
 If CHRIST his influence withhold;
 Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
 Till we our God by faith behold.

Then let us feel thy healing beams,
 And view thy reconciled face;
 Yea, prove thy presence in these means,
 To bless a vile and helpless race.

Here manifest Thyself in peace;
 Thy faithful mercies now make known;
 Oh! breathe on us a gale of grace,
 And send the cheering blessing down.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

FLOW fast, my tears, the cause is great;
 This tribute claims an injur'd Friend;
 One whom I long pursu'd with hate,
 And yet He lov'd me to the end:
 When Death his terrors round me spread,
 And aim'd his arrows round my head,
 CHRIST interpos'd, the wound He bore,
 And bade the monster dare no more.

Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow,
 Stream copious as yon purple tide;
 'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
 I urg'd the hand that pierc'd his side.
 Keen pangs and agonizing smart
 Oppress his soul, and rend his heart;
 Whilst Justice, arm'd with pow'r divine,
 Pours on his head what's due to mine.

Fast

Fast and yet faster flow my tears,
 Love breaks the heart, and drains the eyes;
 His visage marr'd, tow'rd's heav'n He rears,
 And, pleading for his murd'ers, dies!
 My grief nor measure knows, nor end,
 Till He appears, the sinner's Friend,
 And gives me, in some happy hour,
 To feel the risen SAVIOUR's pow'r.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

ALL ye that pass by, to JESUS draw nigh;
 To you it is nothing that JESUS should die?
 Our ransom and peace, our Surety He is:
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his?

For what you have done, his blood did atone;
 The FATHER has punish'd for you his dear SON!
 Our ransom and peace, &c.

The LORD, in the day of his anger, did lay
 Our sins on the LAMB, and He bore them away.
 Our ransom and peace, &c.

He answer'd for all who come at his call,
 And low at his cross with astonishment fall.
 Our ransom and peace, &c.

H Y M N CXL.

FROM heav'n the loud, th' angelic song began;
 It shook the skies, and reach'd astonish'd man:
 By man re-echo'd, it shall mount again;
 Whilst fragrant odors fill the blissful plain.

Worthy the LAMB of boundless sway,
In earth or heav'n the LORD of all :
Ye princes, rulers, pow'rs, obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

The deed was done ; the LAMB was slain ;
The groaning earth the burden bore :
He rose, He lives, He lives to reign,
Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.

Riches, and all that decks the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring ;
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumphs of our King.

Wisdom and strength are his alone ;
He rais'd the top stone, shouting, Grace !
Honor has rais'd his lofty throne,
And glory shines upon his face.

From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of praise
The mighty blessings shall proclaim ;
Blessings that earth to glory raise,
The purchase of the wounded LAMB.

Higher, still higher, swell the strain ;
Creation's voice the note prolong :
The LAMB shall ever, ever reign ;
Let Hallelujahs crown the song.

H Y M N CXLI.

IN dreary wastes, where horror dwells,
Where Satan holds his gloomy reign ;
And each returning day but tells
The tale renew'd of grief and pain ;

Me,

Me, gracious LORD, thine eye beheld
Wand'ring in labyrinths of woe;
Thy cheering ray the night dispell'd,
And gave thy saving truth to know.

“ And is there hope ? ” amaz'd I said ;
“ And is there mercy from my GOD ?
“ Shall justice spare my guilty head,
“ And all be wash'd away in blood ?
“ Shall CHRIST himself that blood supply,
“ Atonement just, because divine ? ”
Thy word affords the sweet reply,
Thy SPIRIT tells me all is mine.

How blest my state ! how chang'd the scene !
What wonders open to my view !
The desert smiles in vernal green,
With flow'rs adorn'd of various hue :
But chief the Lily and the Rose
(Of CHRIST the fragrant emblems fair)
God's saving mystery disclose,
And breathe their sweetness thro' the air.

The raven's brooding voice no more,
Or owlet's screech offend the ear ;
Nor dragon's cry, nor lion's roar,
Nor doleful creature shall appear :
But birds melodious strain the throat,
And turtles coo throughout the land ;
Whilst man exalts the swelling note,
The leader of the grateful band.

H Y M N CXLII.

GOD of my salvation hear,
 And help me to believe ;
 Simply do I now draw near
 Thy blessing to receive :
 Full of guilt, alas ! I am,
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee :
 Friend of sinners, spotless LAMB,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,
 Nor can thy grace procure ;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, Thou know'st, am poor :
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery ;
 Friend of sinners, &c.

Without money, without price,
 I come thy love to buy ;
 From myself I turn my eyes,
 The chief of sinners I.
 Take, O take me as I am,
 And let me lose myself in Thee ;
 Friend of sinners, &c.

H Y M N CXLIII.

IN ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
 True faith to JESUS flies ;
 Its anchor-hold is firm in Him
 When swelling billows rise.

His comforts bear our spirits up ;
 We trust a faithful God :
 The sure foundation of our hope
 Is in a SAVIOUR's blood.

Loud Hallelujahs sing, each soul,
 To thy REDEEMER's Name ;
 In joy, in sorrow, life or death,
 His love is still the same.

H Y M N CXLIV.

HITHER, ye poor, ye sick, ye blind,
 A sin disorder'd trembling throng ;
 To you the Gospel calls, to you
 MESSIAH's blessings all belong.

Reason's and virtue's boasting sons
 Derive no blessing from this Tree :
 For sinners only JESUS dy'd ;
 Then sure I hear he dy'd for me.

'Twas with our griefs MESSIAH groan'd,
 'Twas with our guilt his soul was try'd ;
 Our punishment He took, He bore,
 And sinners liv'd when JESUS dy'd.

Awake each heart, arise each soul,
 And join the blisful choirs above ;
 May nothing tune our future songs,
 But heav'nly wisdom, heav'nly love !

H Y M N

H Y M N CXLV.

IS there a thing that moves and breaks
 A heart as hard as stone,
 Or warms a heart as cold as ice?
 'Tis JESUS' blood alone.
 One drop of this can truly cheer,
 And heal the wounded soul:
 What multitude of broken hearts
 This living stream makes whole!
 Hark! O my soul, what sing the choirs
 Around the glorious throne!
 Hark! the slain LAMB for evermore
 Sounds in the sweetest tone!
 The elders there cast down their crowns,
 And all, both night and day,
 Sing praise to him who shed his blood,
 And wash'd their guilt away.
 And this, while here, we will proclaim
 Cheerful in our degree,
 That thro' the blood of GOD's dear LAMB
 Each soul may happy be.
 But Thou, O LORD, make ev'ry day
 Thy grace to us more sweet,
 Till we behold thy wounded side,
 And worship at thy feet.

H Y M N CXLVI.

BY me, O my SAVIOUR stand
 In ev'ry trying hour;
 Guard me with thy outstretch'd hand,
 And hold me by thy pow'r:

Mindful

Mindful of thy faithful word,
Thine all-sufficient grace bestow;
Keep me, keep me, dearest LORD,
And never let me go.

Give me, LORD, an holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near
With speedy care depart
Still the timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness show;
Keep me, &c.

Let me never leave thy breast—
From Thee, my SAVIOUR, stray;
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way;
My exceeding great reward
In heav'n above, and earth below:
Keep me, &c.

Never let me go, till I,
Upborne on wings of love,
Gain the regions of the sky,
And take my seat above:
Thou hast past thy precious word,
That Thou wilt bring me safely thro';
Thou wilt, therefore, keep me, LORD,
Nor ever let me go.

H Y M N CXLVII.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?

Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt wilt withhold from me.

Thy favor, all my journey thro',
Thou art engag'd to grant :
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way :
Shall I resist them both ?

A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth.

But, ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway,
Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man sham'd of Thee ?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor !
O may I scorn it more and more !
Asham'd of JESUS ? of that Friend
On whom for heav'n my hopes depend !
It must not be :—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his Name,

Asham'd

Asham'd of JESUS? yes, I may,
 When I've no crimes to wash away;
 No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
 No fears to quell, or soul to save.

Till then, (nor is the boasting vain)
 Till then, I boast a SAVIOUR slain:
 And O may this my portion be,
 That SAVIOUR—not asham'd of me!

H Y M N CXLIX.

WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
 Those mournful colours wear?
 What doubts are these that waste your faith,
 And nourish your despair?

What tho' your num'rous sins exceed
 The stars that fill the skies
 And aiming at th' eternal Throne,
 Like pointed mountains rise?

What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
 The wide creation swell,
 And has its curst foundations laid
 Low as the depths of hell?

See, here an endless ocean flows
 Of never-failing grace!
 Behold a dying SAVIOUR's veins
 The sacred flood increase!

It rises high, and drowns the hill;
 Has heither shore nor bound:
 Now, if we search to find our sins,
 Our sins can ne'er be found!

Awake,

Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
 That buries all our faults;
 And pard'ning blood, that swells above
 Our follies and our thoughts.

H Y M N C L.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that JESUS sends
 To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move?
 Why should we wish the hours more slow
 That keep us from our Love?

Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of JESUS lay,
 And left a sweet perfume.

The graves of all his saints He blest,
 And soften'd ev'ry bed:
 Where should the dying members rest
 But with their dying Head?

Thence He arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our feet the way:
 Up to the LORD our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day.

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F I N I S.

